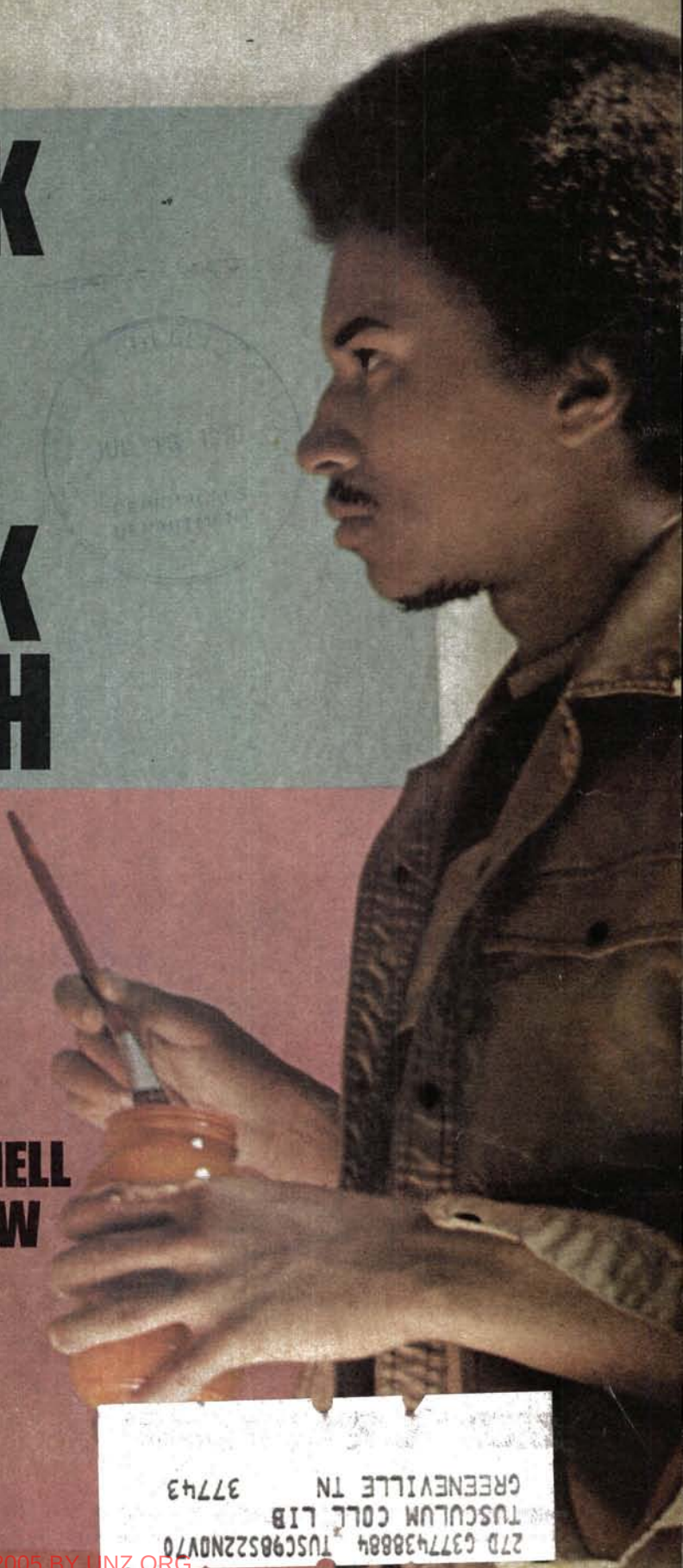
Saturday Review

JULY 18, 1970 / 50¢

BLACK ARTS for BLACK YOUTH



articles by
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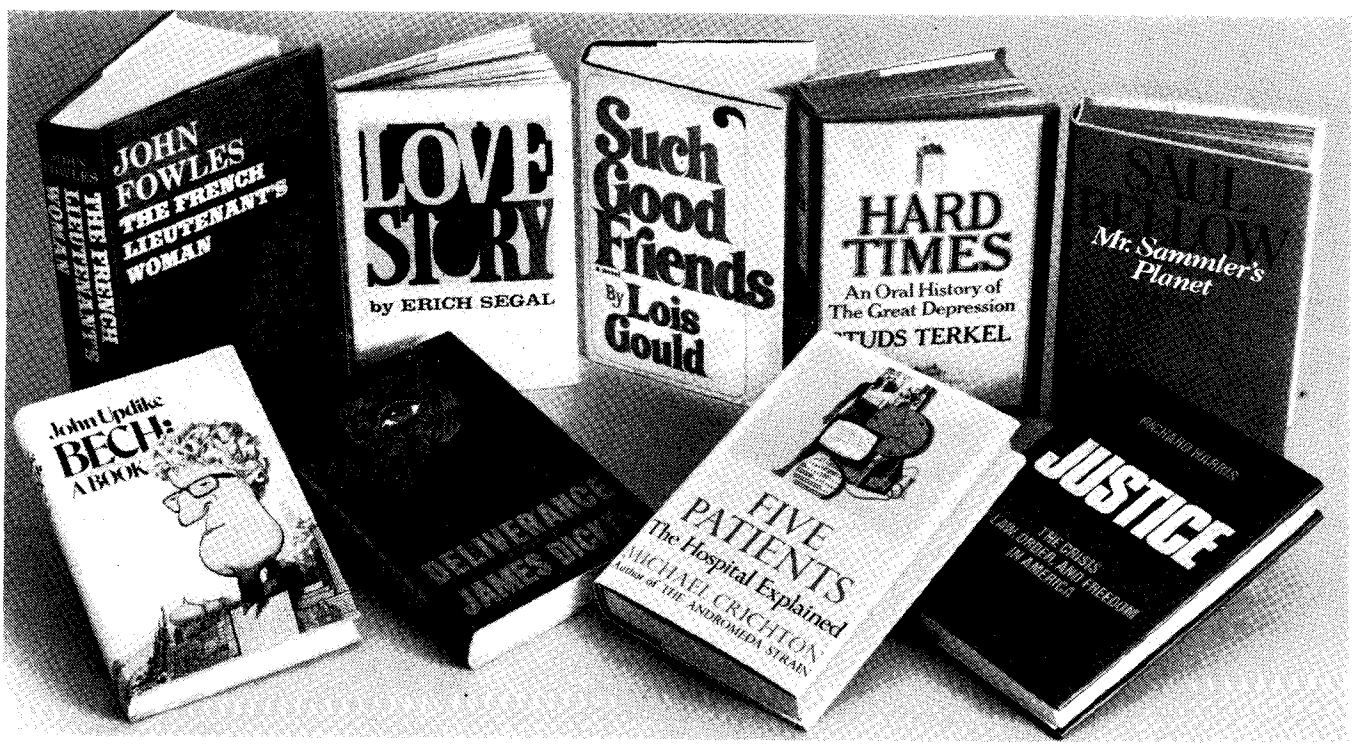

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(Advertisement)

I first saw FIELDS OF PEACE on a fellow editor's desk, and borrowed it overnight to look at the photographic work of George A. Tice.

Two days later I borrowed it again to read the text by Millen Brand, and to study more closely what I realize are some truly wonderful photographs.

The "Fields of Peace" are the country of the Pennsylvania "Dutch," the plain sects from Germany who include the Amish, Mennonites, Schwenkfelders, Dunkards, and Moravians. The first of them came over, at the invitation of William Penn, to escape religious persecution at home. And today still they are peaceful people.

The book reminded me, for example, of the Mennonites who have served in hospitals in Biafra and Vietnam rather than go to war. And I learned for the first time that the Amish men shave their upper lips and refuse to wear buttons on their outer clothing because these gestures were originally a rejection of military officers and their moustaches and decorations.

I have some friends who come from that splendid patch of Pennsylvania. After I showed them FIELDS OF PEACE, they immediately ordered copies. If you take a look at the book, I think you will understand why—and you do not have to come from such fields to be in need of their peace.

It is a lovely book, with text and pictures that justify its lovely title. It deals with a way of life that is passing, one which deserves to be looked at and thought about before it is gone.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

FIELDS OF PEACE: A Pennsylvania German Album, with text by Millen Brand and photographs by George A. Tice ($8.95) is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 105 East City Line Avenue, Bala-Cynwyd, Pennsylvania 19004.

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One of the next 50 drivers coming your way is drunk. Not drinking—drunk.

That's the round-the-clock average. But watch out: the percentage shoots up after dark.

In the dead of night, almost 90% of all crashes involve drinking.

Last year the drunk driver was involved in 35,000 deaths, and this may be the year he gets you. The problem comes from the fact that he thinks he's driving better than ever, although his judgment and coordination are poor.

His reaction time has slowed by at least 15%.

He sees things as dimly as a sober driver who is wearing dark, smoked glasses.

The situation is bad, and it's getting worse. But it can be turned around, if you're willing to help in a few simple ways. As a beginning, each state needs the tough, effective drunk driving laws recommended by the National Highway Safety Bureau. (24 states now have these laws.) The next step is fair, impartial enforcement of the laws.

Help stop the traffic slaughter.

For a free copy of the new booklet "The Drunk Driver May Kill You (What You Can Do To Help Get Him Off The Road)," write to the Safety Director, Allstate Insurance Company, Northbrook, Illinois 60062.

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

A Rainy-Year Project

FROM TIME to time, you'll want to depart from routine home maintenance work and tackle a special project. A special project is something that isn't really essential, but you do it anyway for the satisfaction of those who told you it couldn't be done. Often it can't. But you try anyway and wish you hadn't.

Putting a new wick in the table lighter is just such a project. It takes many months, but it can be done if you have patience bordering on stupidity.

Before you start, be advised that there is a hidden cost. Although a new wick costs practically nothing, you will need glasses by the time you have finished the project. If you already wear glasses, you will have to switch to a stronger prescription to keep your eyeballs from leaping out of their sockets.

A cigarette lighter needs a new wick when it won't light and you can't find a little piece of string sticking out the top. If it makes you feel better, you can make it spark a couple of hundred times, change flints, and drip lighter fluid all over everything. But it still won't light, and eventually you'll have to go to the store and buy a "wick kit." (Pronounce it carefully; otherwise the man will sell you croquet set parts.)

The kit contains a coil of white cord, not quite as long as a football field. You'll also find a "wick inserting tool," a tiny piece of wire the color of the rug. One end of the wire is bent to form a triangle. That's so you can get a better grip on it when your hands are trembling.

The first step is to unscrew the fill-cap on the bottom of the lighter. This can only be done with a dime. A screwdriver blade is too narrow, and pennies and nickels are too big. If you don't have a dime, give up the project. You've no business owning a lighter anyway.

After taking your ten pennies to the bank, having them changed to a dime, and unscrewing the cap, you'll be able to peek in the little hole and see cotton. The instructions say:

"Take a pair of tweezers and remove all the cotton from inside the lighter."

Two important steps must be taken at this point. First, put the instructions in a safe place because you won't be needing them for some time. Secondly, find a place to work that has adequate light and space. A small warehouse with skylights is excellent.

A cigarette lighter contains an amazing amount of cotton, all compressed in there. It must be picked out wisp by wisp, and it all must be saved. The wisps expand, and soon you'll be covered with cotton. Children will think you're a giant boll weevil in the middle of it all. It is best to divide the cotton into large piles, leaving narrow aisles so you can get around the room.

After a week or two, the tweezers will no longer reach far enough in the lighter to pick the cotton. The little wire tool is then used as a pick. You'll be so busy you'll hardly notice the change of seasons.

When all the cotton is removed, prepare to insert the new wick. The instructions say that the wick must be poked into the wick-hole from the top of the lighter. This is hard to do because the wick is larger than the hole. The little wire tool is used to poke it down, a pica/inch at a time. Physical and mental stress is greatest when trying to start the wick on its slow journey into the lighter.

The directions note that when one-quarter of the wick is inside, a third of the cotton must be put back inside the lighter, from the bottom. After that, the wick and the cotton are alternately poked in.

Soon a daily routine is established: Push the wick in during the morning hours; poke cotton all afternoon; drink and sob in the evening.

You may experience a temporary setback when the job is almost done, with the wick sticking up about a quarter of an inch. You'll accidentally give it one poke too many, and it will disappear inside the lighter. Start taking all the cotton out again.

Before you know it, the long year will be over and you'll have the wick sticking up just the way you want it. Then you simply fill the lighter with fluid and screw the cap back on. If you can find a dime.

—DERECK WILLIAMSON.

Innumerabiles Decessits

IN A LIFETIME of looking things up in libraries, it is only in recent days that I have had occasion to use *Burke's Peerage.*

It's a fascinating volume, I can now report, but to me the most interesting thing I have found in it so far is the explanation of the symbols used. There are some of the common ones that you could find in any old *Who's Who,* like b. for born and m. for married. But in *Who's Who* I never came across anything like d. v. p.

This sent me to the front of the book, where I learned that it meant that the fellow in question had *decessit vita patris,* or died in the lifetime of his father, for you uneducated, effete snobs who have forgotten your high school Latin.

While I was in this explanatory section of *Burke's Peerage,* I found there were a lot more *decessits.* For instance, there is d. s. p., standing for *decessit sine prole,* which means died without issue. Next was d. s. p. l., standing for *decessit sine prole legimita,* and you should be able to figure that one out for yourself.

But that doesn't exhaust the *decessits.* There is d. s. p. m., which is an abbreviation for *decessit sine prole mascula.* Next comes d. s. p. s., the second s in this case standing for *superstite,* which means surviving.

Don't think that's the end of it, though. We also have d. s. p. m. s., or *decessit sine prole mascula superstite,* which you undoubtedly have figured out means that the subject under consideration died without surviving male issue. Isn't there a whole heartbreaking story in those five little letters, d. s. p. m. s.? Probably there was a younger brother (yr. standing for younger) who had a whole bunch of surviving male issue, and they took over the castle, keep and all, and let the place go to rack and ruin (r. and r.), although this last abbreviation I was not able to find in *Burke's Peerage.*

—ANNE MCCAUGHEY.

Mrs. Portnoy's Friend's Complaint

Five thousand miles, forever gone,
My son lives life one way or other—
I cannot show my crippled heart,
I'm not a Jewish mother.

I shun the tear, hand out the smile,
Conceal the creeping sludge that
Pours between the layered grief
Like grease, not chicken fat.

I'd like to carry on a bit,
Yell loud for Sister, scream for Brother,
Have the family cry in concert—
Hell! Wish I *were* a Jewish mother.

—FRANCESCA CHIMENTI.

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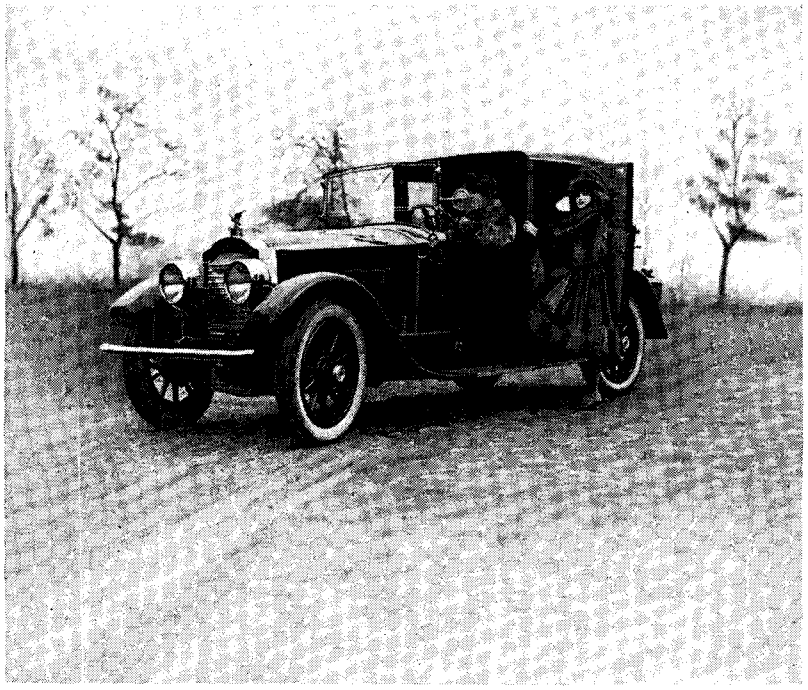
Packard was a big name in business the year we were founded.



When we started out in 1920 there were a lot of companies around that are only memories now. And some that were around then still are today, but they're far down the list of leading U.S. companies.

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From drug control to MESBIC

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As we continue to grow, our skills and resources create stepped-up competition in the fields we enter. More competition means more efficient use of money, manpower and material. And that means better products and services for you.

We're sorry that some of the great names in business from our original era are not around today or not doing so well as they were. But we'll always be grateful for what they taught us: that staying on top takes a lot of doing –and that survival, especially today, demands application of advanced technology and modern management techniques.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Choo-Choo Business

IF YOU THINK you are having money problems, consider the plight of the Penn Central Transportation Company, the largest railroad system in the country. It has gone into bankruptcy.

Like the rest of us, Penn Central has been driven off its trolleys trying to make both ends meet. It may lighten your burden to read some figures. Briefly, last year Penn Central lost $100-million on its passenger service. This year, despite a new president who took over running the railroad at $250,000 a year, the company has lost in the first three months $62.7-million. And there are some small debt issues that annually cost the company $95-million in interest.

All those figures may be beyond your ken, but they are only figures of speech —that is, figures that are spoken more glibly than they are read. Nevertheless, it is my educated guess that things at Penn Central are not going too well.

It demonstrates two points: that Penn Central is only human, and that those charge plates can get anyone into a lot of trouble. But before you suggest that Penn Central apply for welfare, you have to look at the whole picture—in black and red.

Penn Central owns several blocks of skyscrapers on Park Avenue that are worth $7-billion. So you see, *on* Park Avenue Penn Central is doing very well. It's *under* Park Avenue where the trains run that Penn Central is in a hole.

Also, Penn Central is showing a profit on its hauling of freight. Freight is doing very well, and the company is never bothered with complaints from freight about having to wait out there on a siding somewhere for a train to come lagging along. However, the profit from freight is not nearly sufficient to make up for the yearly $100-million the road loses on passengers.

In everyday jargon, it's like the corner drugstore that loses money on its medical supplies and tooth pastes, but makes money at its fountain on tuna fish sandwiches and toasted bagels. If the fountain business doesn't do well enough to cover the losses on the other items, the corner drugstore goes into bankruptcy.

But the kind of bankruptcy for the corner drugstore is different from that facing Penn Central. Under Section 77 of the Bankruptcy Law, the railroad goes into what is known as "reorganization." The trains continue in business, and creditors have to wait and hope for some future day, or year, when Penn Central is solvent enough to pay its bills.

When the corner drugstore goes into bankruptcy, it goes out of business, and a sheriff or somebody sells all the unused tooth paste and tuna fish to pay off the creditors immediately, and our poor little druggist is left with the hole in his toasted bagel.

If I sound against the Establishment, I'm not. It's not my nature or my age bracket. I admire big business people who look for loopholes. I'm always looking for them. I never find them, but I keep looking.

Actually, I do find them, but my legal adviser always finds a loophole in my loopholes. He has a great lawyer mind, having studied under *Judd for the Defense* for two years and having taken a refresher course during the summer reruns.

As an old railroad man myself, I empathize with Penn Central. It was at the age of six that I acquired a steel locomotive made of tin and two freight cars, which ran across a wall-to-wall carpet in the home of my parents, with whom I was living at the time.

My freight cars hauled coal. Since I had no passenger service, I was operating a railroad at a profit. Until my father discovered one day that our coal bin was slowly being depleted. I was losing coal enroute across the room, and my mother felt it was damaging her carpet.

Between the two, I was forced into Section 77 of the Bankruptcy Law, twenty years before President Herbert Hoover even thought of signing Section 77.

Under the reorganization, I went back to my roller skates and to spinning my top. It has been spinning ever since.

Penn Central must feel relieved that its sorrowful plight is out in the open. A great railroad to be down at its wheels is not a thing one suffers in privacy. This is a time for friends. We are all friends of Penn Central. Its reorganization will be like the opening of a window to let some fresh air in on its troubles and to solve them.

If, of course, there is anyone around who knows how to open a Penn Central window.

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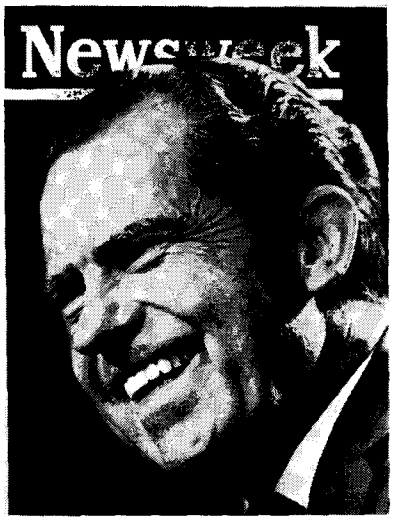
Sure, you've heard of Newsweek-but have you read it lately?



Newsweek's quoted everywhere these days. On TV by Walter Cronkite and David Brinkley. In columns by Joseph Alsop, Jack Anderson, and William Buckley. On Capitol Hill by leaders of Congress. If you haven't read Newsweek yourself lately, here's a quick taste of some recent issues:

"One subterfuge that the Pentagon and the CIA have employed to circumvent the Geneva agreements barring foreign military men from Laos has worked this way: U.S. military officers and noncoms assigned to Laos simply took off their uniforms, resigned their commissions or enlisted ratings and went into the country as 'civilians.' Pentagon personnel records reveal that the men involved were reinstated in their military ranks when they left Laos."

"Spiro Agnew's oratorical star quality has made him the Republican Party's leading fund raiser, and requests for his appearance run to 50 a day. Some of these are for 'chitlins roasts and Bar Mitzvahs,' according to Agnew's scheduling officer, but a good many more are from really solid congregations of believers. Before the campaign gets winging, the Veep will have a full-time speechwriter at hand. Indeed, a mystery ghost has already been signed. But whoever that may be, Agnew's own haunting style will undoubtedly go on stalking the land."

"Researchers have long known that viruses, X-rays and certain chemicals can turn normal cells into cancerous ones. Now investigators at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, for the first time, have reversed the process, transforming malignant cells to normal ones in the laboratory. Their work, in the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences, cast new light on how tumor growth is regulated in the cell and could ultimately lead to new ways of controlling cancer."

"The fact is that with garbage now being jettisoned by Americans at the rate of 360 million tons a year—a rate that will double by 1980—the capacity of cities to cope with the problem is shrinking fast. And the dangers posed to the urban environment are rising at a concomitant rate. Seventy per cent of the 300 incinerators maintained by U.S. cities have no pollution controls whatsoever. Ninety-four per cent of the country's landfills are still breeding grounds for rats and disease and have been declared unsanitary by the U.S. Public Health Service."

"'Get your teaching degree,' American fathers are fond of advising their college-age daughters, 'and no matter what happens you'll always have something to fall back on.' Not any more. In the coming academic year, according to the U.S. Office of Education, nearly 100,000 of the 279,000 elementary and high-school teachers now completing their training will have to find something else to fall back on—or else contribute to the highest academic unemployment rate since the supply of teachers first began to outdistance the demand in 1967."

"Why did the seven survivors of last December's police raid on the Chicago Black Panthers refuse to testify—even though this might have led to prosecution of the policemen involved? Justice Department officials maintain that counsel for the seven urged them to testify, and that some of them wanted to—but that they were afraid of defying the Panther leadership. Panther deputy defense minister Bobby Rush says that 'we didn't feel we should cooperate with our sworn enemies.' He maintains that it was on just such grounds, without any threats from their leadership, that the seven declined to testify."

Go to the original source: Newsweek

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Which prestigious book firm, as the gossip columnists would write it, is on the verge of bankruptcy? Well, we don't know either. But we've been told, by peachable sources, one is.

If you know that, maybe you also know which not-so-prestigious firm has been reduced to ransoming, from the printers, its stock—book jackets, etc.—on a virtual piece-by-piece cash basis.

On the cheerier side, another publisher, Lyle Stuart by name, is still damning the torpedoes, full spending ahead. Mr. Stuart still continues, for example, his practice of taking his entire employee force—some thirty-five people—all together on an all-expense-paid vacation. "I began it while my wife was still alive," he told us. "She thought it was awful for people to earn good money but never get out and enjoy it—so the whole thing was really her idea." In any case, Mr. Stuart and associates went to Puerto Rico the first year and visited Europe last year. This year they're heading for San Francisco and Las Vegas. The only catch, Stuart told us sternly, is that you have to have been working for him for at least a year to qualify. "We had to put the rule in," he said, "when we got a telephone call for a beautiful new secretary who had just joined us from an elegant office uptown. We were so proud to have gotten her to our place—believe me, it looks like a barn. But you know what her caller said when we told him she wasn't there? 'But,' he said, 'isn't this the place where they take people on trips?' "

Elsewhere on the good news front, Mrs. Phyllis Smith of East Billerica, Massachusetts, received from the Moore Business Forms, Incorporated, of Honesdale, Pennsylvania, the following:

> We have taken all precautions to print, assemble, and package your business forms to your specifications.
>
> Each of us, who worked on your order, is aware that your business forms are our business and your satisfaction is our guarantee of continued success.
>
> We aim to serve you continuously with a quality product.
>
> Sincerely,
> 2050

"I was so impressed with the sincerity of 2050," Mrs. Smith writes, "that I thought about writing back:

> Dear 2050,
> I think I love you.
> Sincerely,
> Phyllis Smith

But perhaps our favorite item of the week was a brief one that was sent to us by Mrs. Eileen Doyle of Milwaukee. She found it in the Milwaukee *Journal*:

> I am not responsible for any midi-length skirts purchased by my wife.
> Marvin Glasspiegel

Even the obituary columns did not escape this week. Cara Cook of Bridgton, Maine, found in the Worcester, Massachusetts, *Gazette* the following:

> Ralph L. Colby, 69, of 666 Pleasant St., Rochdale, died today at The Memorial Hospital where he was admitted yesterday.
>
> He leases his widow, Mrs. Florence M. Colby.

Finally, for our last school item of the year, Mrs. Sanford Kahrman, of Nyack, New York, favored us with a "Supplementary Progress Report"—from the Nyack School—of the progress of her sixth-grade daughter:

> Still showing no improvement in her work. In class she does not give her complete attention. She also forgets to hand in assignments.
>
> I would like to have a conference with you concerning her progress.

Mrs. Kahrman is looking forward to the conference—particularly since the teacher spelled the subject "Languge Arts." Progress, we've always said, makes perfect.

As summer background reading, we recommend *Genesis 1948* by Dan Kurzman. This book is easily the most complete history of the 1948 war ever written—an account that handles, with objectivity and remarkable fairness, not only both sides but also both sides *of* both sides—the little people and the privates as well as the politicians and the generals.

Meeting Mr. Kurzman, we learned that he had wanted to be a foreign correspondent from his days on the *Daily Californian*, but was doubtful about his ability to achieve this ambition. After college, however, as an infantryman in the Ninety-fifth Division in World War

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II, he crossed the Moselle under heavy fire in the assault on Metz. "Fortunately," he told us, "I didn't have an oar. They were the first ones hit. Only two or three in my boat weren't hit. I remember thinking, 'If I ever get out of this alive, I will do exactly what I want and not make any compromise.' I didn't forget, either. After that I was ready for any gamble. And, after the war, when I was back home, I refused to wait even for someone to send me overseas. I went over myself on the GI Bill and pestered the hell out of every news bureau and service until I got a job."

Kurzman's first job was with INS. Without a day's experience, against eight men from the AP and six from the UP, he was assigned to cover the Marshall Plan, and by the end of his first day's work, he had a world headline interview with Ernest Bevin. An author of books about Japan, communism, and Santo Domingo, Kurzman started *Genesis* in 1966 and had just finished his last Arab interview when the Six-Day War broke out. "I was in Beirut," he told us, "and it took me two days to get to Israel. I missed a third of the war." Even when he was writing about the Six-Day War for the Washington *Post*, however, he also was working on the earlier war. "The material for the kind of book I would like to do on the Six-Day War," he told us, "won't be available for many years." He also realized how lucky he'd been to have done his Arab interviews. "The kind I had," he said quietly, "will never again be available.

"I am writing history in a new way," he concluded, "reconstructing it, really, by personal interviewing. I am disturbed that there are people who simply don't believe accurate history can be done this way. I don't believe it can be done the other way—at least *I* couldn't have done it the other way. So many historians deal just with documents. I have found you can get just as much distortion from documents as you can from the personal interview. They, too, after all, reflect the personal point of view. I believe a big event can be better understood by delving into the human factors involved than it ever can by rattling dry, academic bones."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1892)

W(ILLIAM) O. DOUGLAS:
POINTS OF REBELLION

The cause of privacy will be won or lost essentially in legislative halls and in constitutional assemblies. If it is won, this pluralistic society of ours will experience a spiritual renewal. If it is lost we will have written our own prescription for mediocrity and conformity.

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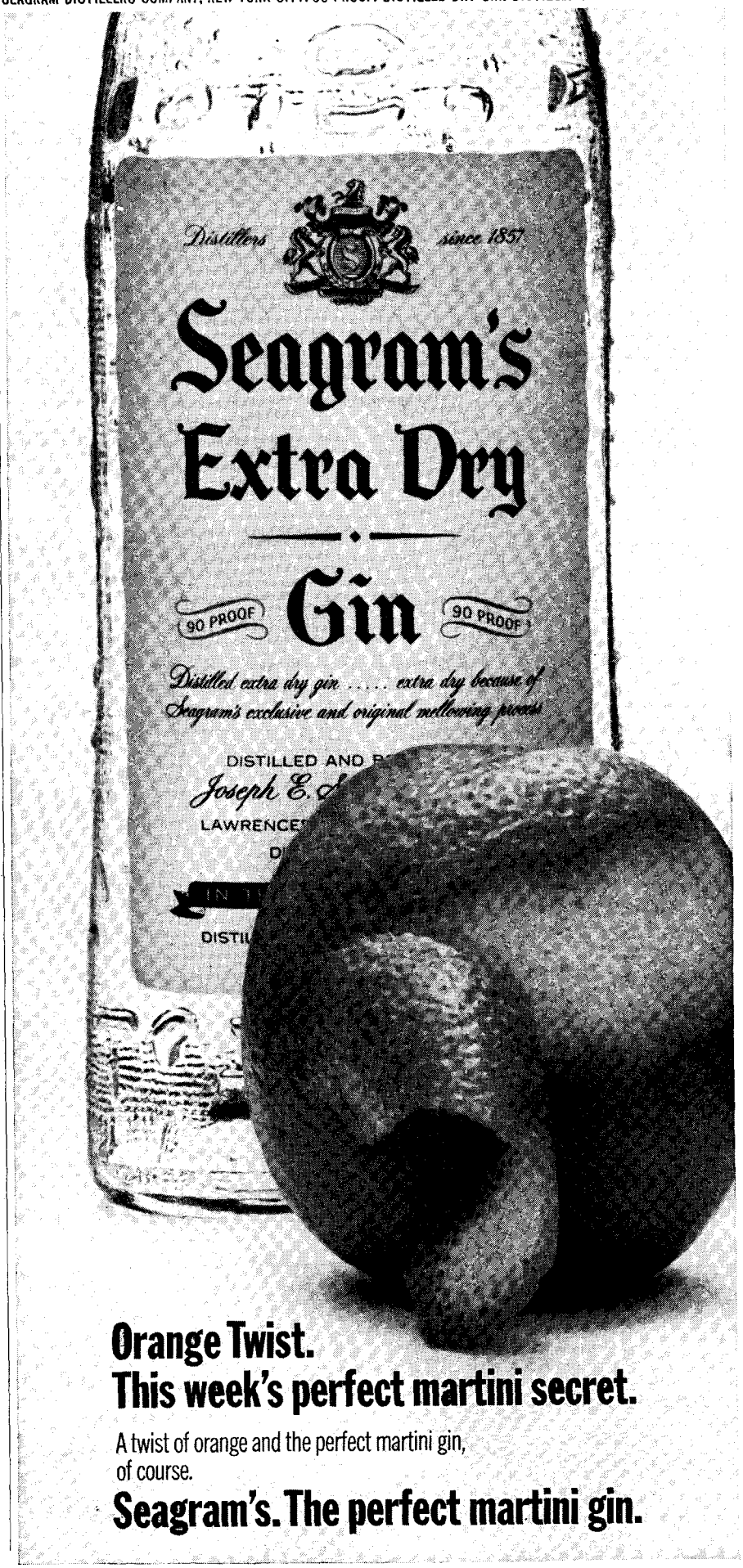

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Is Nuremberg Coming Back to Haunt Us?

Mylai has reopened the question of responsibility for war crimes. So far the charges are against individual "lawbreakers," rather than against the policymakers.

by JAMES B. RESTON, JR.

"If certain acts in violation of treaties are crimes, they are crimes whether the United States does them or whether Germany does them, and we are not prepared to lay down a rule of criminal conduct against others which we would be unwilling to invoke against ourselves."

—Associate Justice Robert Jackson,
chief prosecutor
at the Nuremberg Trials.

This statement has come back to haunt us. At Mylai on March 16, 1968, Charlie Company, First Battalion, Twentieth Infantry, Eleventh Brigade, conducted an operation that has raised fundamental questions about the important principles of international conduct that we as a people articulated at the close of World War II. Can we face the problems of command responsibility, policy responsibility, and cultural responsibility? If we can, where then does the blame stop? Who or what should be on trial?

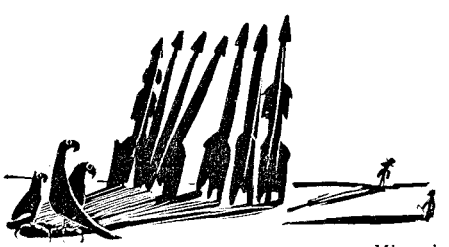
Massacres are not unprecedented in war: There is some doubt that modern war can be waged without them. But the Mylai investigation has brought the matter into the realm of law, and law progresses by precedent.

Perhaps the most pertinent precedent occurred on February 16, 1945. Early on that morning, a company of Japanese troops arrived in the Philippine village of Taal in Batangas Province, and mounted machine guns. The officers questioned the villagers about the guerrillas operating in the area. When they got no answers, they fired into the hutches, and set them on fire. Later, villagers were herded into a ravine and more than 200 were killed with grenades and machine guns. The same pattern was followed in the adjacent villages of San José, Rosario, Cuenca, and Bauan.

The context of these massacres is important. Four months earlier, the combined units of the Third Amphibious Force and the U.S. Seventh Fleet landed at Leyte Harbor on the Philippine island south of Luzon. After a beachhead was established, Gen. Douglas MacArthur waded ashore with his famous comment, "By the grace of Almighty God our forces stand once again on Philippine soil." Later in the day, in a radio broadcast, he appealed to the Philippine people:

"As the lines of battle roll forward to bring you within the zones of operations, rise and strike. For your homes and hearths, strike. For future generations of your sons and daughters, strike. In the home of your sacred dead, strike. Let no arm be faint. Let every arm be steel. The guidance of Divine God points the way. Follow in his name to the Holy Grail of righteous victory."

And strike they did. The American invasion sparked the coordination of guerrilla activities throughout the Philippine Islands. By the time the Americans landed on Luzon (January 20, 1945) the guerrillas were strongest in Batangas Province, the southwestern tip of that island. In the mountains outside Taal, two divisions of American-supplied guerrillas were taking shape. This force launched attacks on Japanese posts and supply areas, sabotaged bridges and rail lines, and thus presented the supreme commander of the already disintegrating Japanese forces in the Philippines, General Tomoyuki Yamashita, with a formidable problem.



—*Micossi*

Shortly after the Luzon landings began General Yamashita had issued orders to "suppress" or "mop up" the guerrilla activity in the islands. (It was this order that formed the basis for his prosecution as a war criminal a year later.) In Batangas, however, this was not easily done. The mountainous jungle was the natural habitat for a growing guerrilla movement, and the landings of American forces outside Manila in January put them between Batangas and General Yamashita, who had fled to the northern town of Baguio. This virtually cut Yamashita's communications with the Batangas command.

Nonetheless, having been told that the suppression of the guerrillas in his area was behind schedule, the commander of a Batangas battalion, Colonel Fujishige, in an attempt to shut off civilian cooperation with the guerrillas, began a campaign of suppression that led to massacre, rape, and torture. An American prosecutor was to repeat the refrain at a trial a year later: "They were massacred—shall we say suppressed!"

The relevance of the Batangas Province massacres by the Japanese in January, February, and March 1945 to the

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JAMES B. RESTON, JR., son of the *New York Times* vice president and columnist, is author of the forthcoming novel *To Defend, To Destroy*, to be published next February by W. W. Norton.

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Mylai massacres by Americans twenty-three years later lies not so much in the similarity of the atrocities, but rather in the war crimes trials that followed the Japanese actions and the principles that evolved from those trials. For not only the perpetrators were tried for these massacres, but also General Yamashita himself. As the first major Japanese figure to be tried after the American victory on September 2, 1945, General Yamashita was not charged for ordering the Batangas massacres or even knowing about them, but simply for failing to control the troops under his command.

"The Accused," said the indictment, "a general of the Imperial Japanese Army, between 9 October '44 and 2 Sept. '45, at Manila and other places in the Philippine Islands, while commander of armed forces of Japan at war with the United States and its allies, unlawfully disregarded and failed to discharge his duty as commander to control the operations of the members of his command, permitting them to commit brutal atrocities and other high crimes against the people of the U.S. and of its allies and dependencies, particularly the Philippines, and he (the Accused) thereby violated the laws of war."

General Yamashita's trial began in late October 1945, barely a month and a half after V-J Day. The prosecution launched its case by parading scores of witnesses who testified to their mistreatment by Japanese troops, particularly in Manila and in Batangas. *The New York Times* reported that "The court continued to hear stories of so many atrocities that people just sat dazed in their seats." But this technique (also used at the Bertrand Russell war crimes trial held in Stockholm in 1967 to protest American bombing in Vietnam) was to be expected after the opening statement of the U.S. prosecutor, Major Kerr:

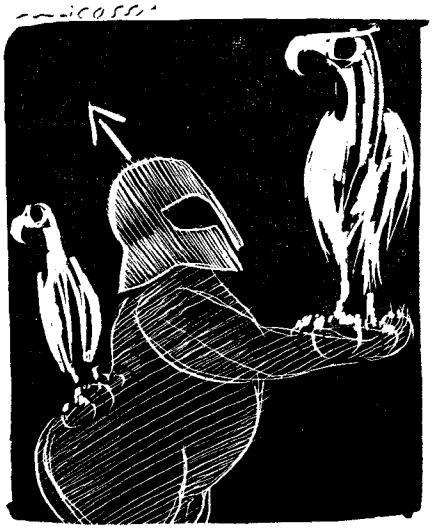
"I am frank to say, Sir, that this case will not be an easy one to hear, nor a pleasant one to try. We Americans are a Christian nation; we are even a sentimental nation. It certainly shocks each one of us to confront the truly horrible acts of beings in the form and shape of man that we must present to the commission in this proceeding. . . . [We do not] select instances on the basis that they are the most horrible, the most nauseating, that might be presented to the commission. If we bring before the commission a witness in a stretcher, permanently mutilated, physically ruined for life, it is not because we are endeavoring to impress the commission through the use of shocking evidence; it is simply because the witness has a story of factual information which the commission should hear, and because that witness . . . is a competent and desirable exhibit of the ruthlessness of those who conquered the Philippines."

After several weeks of gruesome tales from Philippine civilians, the trial moved to cross-examine the principals themselves. Colonel Fujishige, the commander in Batangas, was questioned about the killing of women and children and readily admitted giving orders to kill all persons who opposed the Japanese. "There were many instances," he said, "where women bearing arms inflicted considerable damage to my forces. When I was in an automobile, a child threw a hand grenade at me. . . . I told my troops that if they were attacked by armed women and children that of necessity . . . they must be combatted."

Technically, Colonel Fujishige was on safe legal ground. The Hague Convention No. IV of 1907, which served as a main legal precedent for the Yamashita, Tokyo, and Nuremberg trials—as it will in the Mylai trials—supports him: "The inhabitants of a territory (says Article 2) which has not been occupied, who, on the approach of the enemy, spontaneously take up arms to resist the invading troops . . . shall be regarded as belligerents if they carry arms openly and if they respect the laws and customs of war."

The concept of command responsibility, which grew out of the Yamashita case, carries culpability beyond complicity in atrocities. The prosecutor contended only that the accused must have known about atrocities because they were so widespread, just as the American high command in Vietnam must have suspected atrocities there. However, to the prosecution in 1945, it was immaterial if Yamashita knew how his orders were being carried out.

"These orders from Yamashita to 'mop up,' 'suppress' the guerrillas," said Major Kerr, "obviously resulted, in the Batangas area, in the mass killings which followed some time later.



Of course, these orders did not say 'massacre all civilians.' He unleashed the fury of his men upon the helpless population, and, apparently, according to the record, made no subsequent effort to see what was happening or to take steps to see to it that the obvious results would not occur—not a direct order, but contributing, necessarily, naturally, and directly to the ultimate result.

"We maintain, Sir, that if the Accused saw fit to issue a general order to suppress guerrillas under circumstances as they existed, according to his own testimony, he owed a definite absolute duty furthermore to see to it that they did not open wide the gates of hatred of his men, leading them to wreak vengeance upon the civilian population. Obviously he did not do that. That is part of his responsibility."

The defense argued that General Yamashita's communications had been cut. The Americans were between him and his Batangas command. His forces were disintegrating. And the guerrillas had exhausted the patience of the Japanese.

Major Kerr: "The defense cries that Yamashita was too far away from the scene of the battle, too far removed from the actual perpetrators, justly to be charged and punished for crimes of those under him. Yet his very government, his entire nation may legally be held responsible—even farther removed from the perpetrators and from the scene of the crime. We say it is in accordance with all the established principles of responsibility in the field of international relations that the commanding officer as an individual be held responsible."

The prosecution not only bore down on Yamashita's responsibility for his troops, it also argued that their actions were an inevitable result of the kind of war the General had waged. Major Kerr: "The Defense saw fit to refer to the victims of the Japanese as the victims of war. Victims of war! Is this warfare? We have another explanation for it. We say they were victims of Yamashita! They are victims of the type of warfare that was conducted by Yamashita, by the troops under him."

On December 7, 1945, four years after Pearl Harbor, General Yamashita was sentenced to hang. Two-and-a-half months later, after the failure of an appeal to the Philippine and U.S. Supreme Courts, in the town of Los

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Baños, fifty miles from Batangas Province, that sentence was carried out. In subsequent trials sixteen soldiers were tried for their parts in the Taal massacre. Six, including Colonel Fujishige, were hanged; one was shot; two were given life sentences; one was sentenced to thirty years, another to twenty-five years, and a third to twenty years. Four were acquitted. The two platoon leaders, Second Lieutenants Fukuoka and Hosaka, received the lightest sentences, twenty-five and twenty years, respectively. The company commander, Warrant Officer Kobayashi, received a life sentence. The stiffer penalties were reserved for the higher staff officers.

"General Yamashita's record was a blot on the military profession," General MacArthur said shortly before the execution. "Revolting as this may be in itself, it pales before the sinister and far-reaching implication thereby attached to the profession of arms. *The soldier, be he friend or foe, is charged with the protection of the weak and unarmed. . . . When he violates this sacred trust, he not only profanes his entire cult, but threatens the very fabric of international society.*"

In one of the last interviews with Yamashita before his death, the subject of MacArthur was raised, and Yamashita was to say, "After all, it could have been him."

* * *

Since the investigation implicating fourteen higher-ranking officers in the Mylai incident, some commentators have argued that the U.S. Army is applying the principles of Nuremberg to itself. However, the Mylai charges do *not* squarely meet the question of war crimes in Vietnam; it would be closer to the truth to say that the Mylai investigation evades the real responsibility. The charges so far are against the instruments of the Pentagon policy in Vietnam, rather than against the policymakers. Nuremberg concentrated on the latter.

War crimes were defined at Nuremberg and Tokyo as follows:

> 1) CLASS A: CRIMES AGAINST THE PEACE: Namely, planning, preparation, initiation, or waging of a war of aggression, or a war in violation of international treaties, agreements, or assurances, or participation in a Common Plan or Conspiracy for the accomplishment of any of the foregoing. [The planning of aggressive war was considered the "supreme crime" in the postwar trials.]
> 2) CLASS B: CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY: Namely, murder, extermination, enslavement, deportation, and other inhumane acts committed against any civilian population, before or during the war, of persecutions on political, racial, or religious grounds in execution of or in connection with any crime within the jurisdiction of the Tribunal, whether or not in violation of domestic law of the country where perpetrated.
> 3) CLASS C: WAR CRIMES: Namely, violations of the laws or customs of war. Such violations shall include, but not be limited to, murder, ill-treatment, or deportation of slave labor or for any other purpose, of civilian population of or in occupied territory, murder or ill-treatment of prisoners of war or persons on the seas, killing of hostages, plunder of public or private property, wanton destruction of cities, towns, or villages, or devastation not justified by military necessity.

If he is found guilty, Lt. William L. Calley would, by the standards of the Nuremberg, Tokyo, and Yamashita trials, be a low-grade, Class C war criminal. But if Lieutenant Calley is on trial for brutality, so is the search and destroy policy on trial for brutalizing him. In *Casualties of War*, Daniel Lang describes the effect of that policy on American troops:

> Day after day, out on patrol, we'd come to a narrow dirt path leading through some shabby village, and the elders would welcome us and the children come running with smiles on their faces, waiting for candy we'd give them. But at the other end of the path, just as we were leaving the village behind, the enemy would open up on us, and there was bitterness among us that the villagers hadn't given us warning. All that many of us could think at such times was that we were fools to be ready to die for a people who defecated in public, whose food was dirtier than anything in our garbage cans back home. Thinking like that—well, as I say, it could change some fellows. It could keep them from believing that life was so valuable—anyone's life, I mean, even their own. I'm not saying that every fellow who roughed up a civilian liked himself for it . . . he'd start defending what he'd done many hours ago by saying that, after all, it was no worse than what Charlie was doing.

The brutality of the war, however, and the criteria of culpability under the Nuremberg and Yamashita precedents are not limited to the policy of search and destroy. The Mylai area had, according to Maj. Gen. William Peers, who was in charge of the Pentagon's investigation, traditionally been "under Communist domination." It was therefore subject to intense bombardment from the air.

By the end of 1967, said Jonathan Schell, the author of two books on Vietnam, "the destruction of society in Quangngai Province was not something we were in danger of doing. It was something that was nearing its completion. About 70 per cent, by my estimation, of the villages in that province had been destroyed." Most of this destruction, Schell explained, had been done by American aerial bombardment, prompted by reports of village cooperation with the Vietcong.

Most Americans are aware of the impersonal slaughter that takes place from the Vietnamese stratosphere, but many are unaware of its systematic intensity, or of other elements of random brutality:

The TPQ program (night bombings) —Every province in I Corps including Quangngai is authorized five to twelve radar-guided bombings per night. These tactical bomber strikes are based on the scantiest intelligence of

"If you don't want to rub elbows, what do you want to do?"

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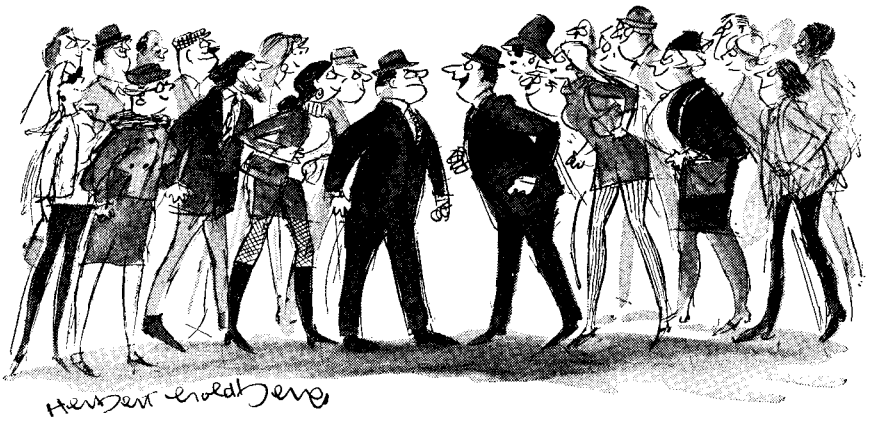
enemy activity at a specific map coordinate. A former intelligence agent who worked in this program said enemy hospitals were second only to fixed supply installations when selecting target priorities for TPQ strikes. Destroying enemy hospitals was stressed as a high priority in our Cambodian operations by Vice President Agnew in a recent television interview. And yet the American public was so outraged when several mortar rounds hit our hospital at Camranh Bay early in 1969.

Operation Thor. In a twenty-four-hour period in the spring of 1968, sixty B-52 strikes, the largest number of these "arc light" strikes in the entire war, cut a three-kilometer-wide swath across South Vietnam below the DMZ. No attempt was made to determine what villages lay along this patch. Such are the dimensions of "military necessity" in Vietnam.

Relocation. In the spring of 1967, American reconnaissance planes flew over a ninety-square-kilometer area of the central highlands which was inhabited by the nomadic Montagnards and known as a regrouping area for VC infiltration into the coastal area around Nhatrang and Tuyhoa. The purpose of this mission was to identify every inhabited place. Shortly after the flights, troops of the American Fourth Division moved into the area, rounded up some 4,000 Montagnards, and took them to a newly built village called Edapenang. The Montagnards were relocated so that they could not serve the enemy as bearers and food production personnel, and so the jungle could be opened for unrestricted bombing raids and big operations like Dakto and Hill 875, where American forces sustained 1,654 casualties. Through cultural ignorance we provided water from wells rather than the stream water that Montagnards were used to, built individual family housing rather than the customary long houses, and moved people during their planting season so that they had to be fed for eighteen months. As a result, the population of Edapenang dropped from 4,000 to 1,000. Edapenang was the pet project of the Fourth Division commander in 1967-68, General Peers.

Phoenix program. The emphasis of this operation, which has been incorrectly reported as assassination, is on "bringing in" VC cadremen from villages. One device used toward this end is the "metal trace detection kit," a CIA machine in which ultraviolet light is supposed to detect "tissue aberrations" either on a trigger finger or on the shoulder where a rifle butt would be placed. In 1968 the kit was taken into hamlets in I Corps area, villagers rounded up, a poncho set up like an old-time camera, and each villager



"My therapy group can lick your therapy group."

forced to submit his body to the test. By an ex-intelligence agent's testimony, all the villagers' hands looked splotchy, and as a consequence the Vietnamese commander ordered them all taken out and tortured with the water treatment until they provided information. The machine required an expert to determine any significant tissue aberrations; there was none on the scene when the agent observed the use of the kit; nonetheless, villagers were tortured on the basis of amateur interpretations. When the American agent protested to his commander, the superior shrugged it off. "Oh, what the hell," he said, "it's their show."

It is the high-technology warfare that the United States is waging in Vietnam, not the face-to-face "gratuitous brutality," in Hannah Arendt's term, of Company C that causes the wholesale killing of Vietnamese civilians. It is therefore not surprising that Col. Oran K. Henderson, now charged with making false statements and false swearing, testified to the Pentagon in 1969 that he had seen the bodies of only one woman and two children in Mylai and believed they had been killed by artillery, or that Col. Thon That Kien, the Quangngai Province chief, also tried to convince himself that stray artillery fire had killed all those civilians. Civilian death by artillery or air strike in a free fire-zone is an accident of war; killing civilians with an M-16 is a crime if anyone should dare to press charges.

* * *

Where does the culpability for Mylai stop—with Calley, with Westmoreland, with McNamara, with Johnson and Nixon, or with the whole American people? The Hague Conventions of 1899 and 1907 were based on a brand of warfare that could imagine a Lieutenant Calley but not a B-52. And the postwar trials of the Axis figures were careful to avoid charges against the enemy that were applicable also to ourselves. If the Allies had been vanquished in that war, any war trials would surely have centered on the area of aerial bombardment and high-technology weaponry, particularly the saturation bombing of Japanese and German cities and the use of the atomic bomb. Dr. Richard Falk, the international law professor at Princeton, has pointed out the irony that the day the United States signed the charter for the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg, August 8, 1945, was the day it dropped the atomic bomb on Nagasaki. With this gap left unplugged in the annals of war crimes proceedings, the policy of high-technology warfare has developed in Vietnam without touching the conscience of America.

The Defense Department admits no responsibility. The Peers report devotes an entire chapter to the Pentagon directives and troop information pamphlets regarding the Hague and Geneva conventions and a soldier's duty to respect the Vietnamese and their customs, concerning the need to "handle an enemy captive firmly, promptly, but humanely" and to protect him against "violence, insults, curiosity, and reprisals of any kind." But any Vietnam veteran will tell you that the cards on the treatment of POWs and civilians are handed to the incoming soldier with the same bureaucratic unconcern as are his new fatigues, scrip, and salt tablets.

What is significant, therefore, is not the paper policy but the practice. Which will be more important for the combat soldier: the Nine Rules for humane treatment of the Vietnamese on a card in his wallet, or a pep talk about taking revenge on the gooks the night before an operation into Pinkville?

The fundamental question of the Calley trial relates to the Yamashita trial: Does the kind of war that we are fighting in Vietnam make Mylais inevitable? No Vietnam veteran is shocked by Mylai. He knows that there was

(*Continued on page* 61)

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Ancient Landings in America

An American Indian tribe may have ancestors in common with the Hebrews of the Bible.

by JOHN LEAR

Almost 3,500 years ago the ancestors of one of America's surviving Indian tribes came to the Western Hemisphere from the Mediterranean Sea.

In the year 531 B.C., another band of men from the land of Canaan reached the shore of what is now Brazil.

Such statements would have had no chance of being taken seriously a few years ago. But evidence that they are true is circulating in the scientific community this summer even as Thor Heyerdahl, the Norwegian hero of the Kon-Tiki raft expedition across the Pacific Ocean, sails the Atlantic in a boat made of reeds in his second attempt to prove that communication between the Old and the New worlds has been possible for tens of centuries.

Heyerdahl did not hear about these ancient mariners before his reed boat put out from the Moroccan port of Safi last May. The information had been published in quiet scholarly journals by Professor Cyrus H. Gordon, head of the department of Mediterranean studies at Brandeis University, whose writings are the source of what I shall report here.

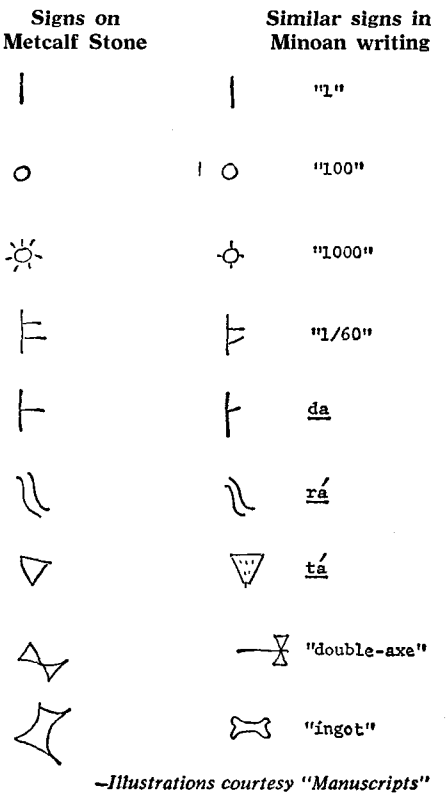
In *Manuscripts*, a quarterly of the Manuscript Society, Gordon published an account of events that began on the U.S. military reservation at Fort Benning, Georgia. The ruins of an old property called Underwood Mill are there. Among the ruins are some flat stones that attracted the attention of Manfred Metcalf, a Fort Benning civilian employee, when he was assigned to build a barbecue pit in the autumn of 1966.

One of the stones that Metcalf chose for his purpose was a sandstone tinged brownish yellow. While cleaning it with the intent of putting it into the pit lining, Metcalf noticed that the stone was inscribed with odd markings. He decided that the marks might be significant and that he should turn the stone over to the Columbus (Georgia) Museum of Arts and Crafts.

Joseph B. Mahan, Jr., director of the museum's department of education and research, accepted the stone from Metcalf. Mahan is a specialist in American Indian archeology and ethnology. He happened at that moment to be studying the culture of the Yuchi Indian tribe.

The Yuchis had lived in Georgia but had been driven out of their home and had settled in Oklahoma in 1836. Mahan found them racially and linguistically different from other Indians. They said they had come to western Georgia from the south. They also said they had originally reached America from the east. The south could mean only the Gulf of Mexico, east of which lay the Atlantic Ocean.

One custom of the Yuchis drew Mahan's special notice. It was a pilgrimage the tribesmen made to their cultural center on the fifteenth day of the sacred month of harvest. For eight days they lived in booths with roofs open to the sky but covered over with branches and foliage. Throughout the eight days the festival was punctuated with long, circuitous walks around a fire that was always kept alight. Several of the tribesmen carried long, leaf-crested branches as they walked. At certain times in the celebration, large numbers of men would not only carry the branches but would shake them vigorously.



—Illustrations courtesy "Manuscripts"

Mahan saw a close resemblance between this pilgrimage of the Yuchis and the Hebrew Feast of the Booths ("Tabernacles" or "Sukkoth"). He thought it was too close to be accidental. The biblical Book of Leviticus in Chapter 23 prescribes an eight-day harvest celebration starting on the fifteenth day of the sacred month. During this period the people were to live in booths open to the sky but covered for the occasion with foliage, fruits, and vegetables. Verse 37 of Chapter 23 of Leviticus mentions a counterpart of the Yuchi fire.

The fire is missing from modern Jewish observation of the Feast of Booths. All other details, however, are the ones the Yuchis practice, including the ceremonial shaking of branches and the circumambulations.

Mahan had this store of information in his head when Metcalf brought the stone from the ruins of the old mill at Fort Benning. Suppose the Yuchis were descendants of the same people from whom the Hebrews sprang. Might the markings on Metcalf's stone be clues to the story of how this strange Indian tribe had reached Georgia from the Mediterranean?

By the spring of 1968, Metcalf's speculations about the stone became too strong for him to contain any longer. He sent a cast of it to Professor Gordon at Brandeis. Gordon matched the markings on the stone against characters in the script used by the Minoan people, whose capital in the Bronze Age —about 3,500 years ago—was Knossos on the island of Crete.

After studying the inscription reproduced on page 34, Gordon concluded that there were affinities between it and Minoan writing. As he put it:

> The double-axe in the lower left corner is of course reminiscent of Minoan civilization. The single vertical lines remind us of the vertical lines standing each for the numeral '1' in the Aegean syllabary; while the little circles stand for '100.' The spoked circle at the beginning of the third line might be a pictograph of the sun, but I think it is more likely a large number like '1000' or '10,000.' In Minoan, a circle with four spokes equals '1000.' On the Metcalf Stone there are seven spokes, suggesting that if '1000' is not the value, perhaps it is some larger round number such as '10,000' . . . !

The numerals left him with the impression that the text may have been

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an inventory, with the final line consisting of the double-ax, a Minoan fraction standing for 1/60 of the whole, and an ingot. A possible translation, he thought, might have been "a double-ax weighing one mina and made of copper." He presented this, however, as "merely a provisional suggestion."

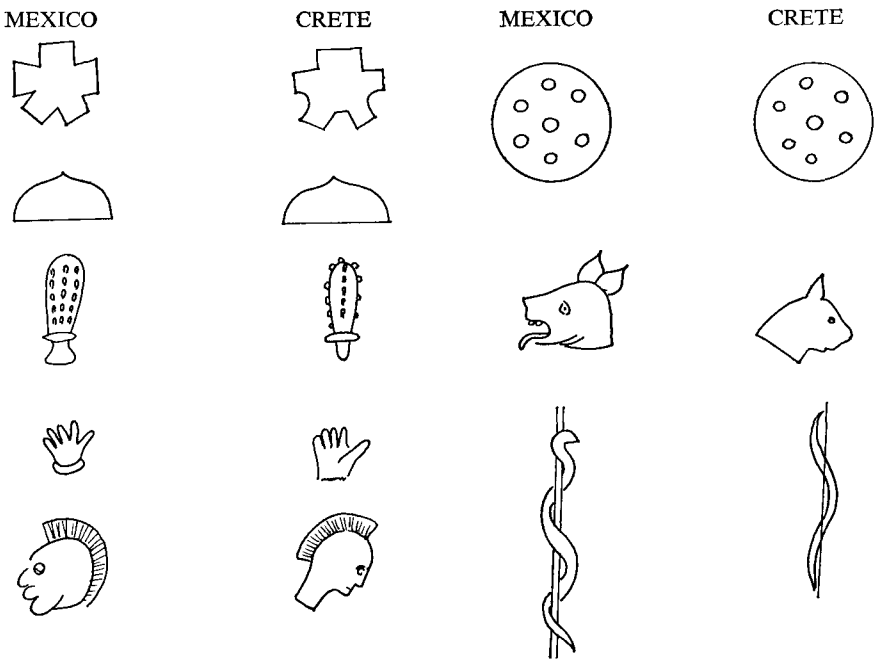
Gordon made a preliminary study of key words in Yuchi and could not detect any relationship between them and any other languages known to him. Consequently, he proposed no linguistic identification of the Metcalf Stone "but only a connection with the Aegean script."

Last February, after his report in *Manuscripts* was published, Gordon had an opportunity to show a cast of the stone to Stanislav Segert, professor of Semitic languages at the University of Prague, Czechoslovakia, who identified the script as a product of the second millennium before Christ, at a time when the Aegean peoples were shifting from a syllabary—a system of written characters representing spoken syllables—to an alphabet.

Segert is a conservative linguist of international repute. His characterization of the Metcalf Stone provided further substantiation of a pattern of new discoveries that Gordon had put together. Earlier, a set of similarities between Minoan writing and Mayan writing had been pointed out by Pierre Honoré in his book *In Quest of the White God* (Putnam, New York, 1964). And independent of both the Metcalf Stone and Honoré's observations was a third set of striking similarities between the Phaistos Disc from Crete and glyphs of the Aztecs. These last were called to Gordon's attention by Magnus Grodys of Norway.

Ancient Aegean writing near three different sectors of the Gulf of Mexico could only "reflect Bronze Age transatlantic communication between the Mediterranean and the New World around the middle of the second millennium B.C.," Gordon wrote in *Manuscripts*, adding:

> The reader should not get the impression that the links between the Old and the New Worlds in antiquity are limited to the data outlined above. The facts pouring in from every side bring us to the same general conclusion that ancient American civilization was stimulated by transoccanic contacts from the east and west; among them contacts with the Mediterranean were especially creative. This is borne out by the discovery of Alexander von Wuthenau that before 300 A.D. no American Indian types are depicted in the tens of thousands of sculptured ceramic figurines from Mesoamerica. . . . [The images are] only Far Eastern, African Negro, and various Mediterranean types—especially Semites.



Comparison of Aztec glyphs from Mexico with Cretan glyphs on the Phaistos Disc by Magnus Grodys of Norway

In *Dialogue*, a Mormon journal, Gordon discussed a copy of a Canaanite text that was mailed to the Instituto Historico in Rio de Janeiro in 1872 by a person who claimed in the covering letter that his slaves had found an inscribed stone on his plantation at Pouso Alto near Paraíba. There are two Paraíbas in Brazil, one near Rio de Janeiro and the other far to the north where Brazil protrudes eastward toward Africa. Because of confusion over the two sites, the stone itself has never been recovered, although it is now being sought in the southern region of Paraíba by Estanislau Vera, a jurist in Rio.

Professor Jules Piccus of the University of Massachusetts discovered an unpublished 1874 transcript of the Brazil text in 1968. Piccus sent Gordon a Xerox copy of the 1874 facsimile and asked for an opinion. Gordon found the text full of data that were unknown to scholars in the 1870s but that have come to light since then. Gordon took this as evidence that the text was genuine, and he identified the inscription as a nonfunerary commemorative text in three parts: an introduction identifying the author, the body of the text narrating the event commemorated, and a finale invoking divine favor. His translation reads as follows:

> We are Sidonian Canaanites from the city of the Mercantile King. We were cast up on this distant shore, a land of mountains. We sacrificed a youth to the celestial gods and goddesses in the nineteenth year of our mighty King Hiram and embarked from Ezion-geber into the Red Sea. We voyaged with ten ships and were at sea together for two years around Africa. Then we were separated by the hand of Baal and were no longer with our companions. So we have come here, twelve men and three women, into "New Shore." Am I, the admiral, a man who would flee? Nay! May the celestial gods and goddesses favor us well!

Gordon said the King Hiram mentioned was not Hiram I (tenth century B.C.) nor Hiram II (eighth century B.C.), but Hiram III (553-533 B.C.). Since the voyagers left home in the nineteenth year of his reign, the year of embarcation was therefore 534 B.C. Two-and-a-fraction years later, when the ship reached Brazil ("New Shore"), the year was 531 B.C.

"Accordingly," Gordon concluded, "in the sixth century B.C. we know of one vessel that crossed the Atlantic with fifteen people from Canaan."

"From the hand of Baal" means "by an act of God" and, Gordon noted, does not necessarily imply that the ocean crossing was accidental, because of a storm. Lots may have been drawn to determine which ship should sail to America.

Who were the Canaanites? According to Gordon, the term has two meanings in biblical Hebrew: "As a common noun it means 'merchants'; as a proper noun it designates a group of linguistically related inhabitants of Lebanon-Syria-Palestine embracing Phoenicians, Hebrews, Edomites, Moabites, and others." Gordon cautioned against the common mistake of imagining people in terms of stereotypes. Although all Phoenicians are thought of as sailors, many in fact were craftsmen and even farmers. The Hebrews "are often fancied to be a nation of Yahwistic land-

(*Continued on page* 34)

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The Eggomaniacs

Strange doings at Britain's Carr Mill Junior School. The school's headmaster, Douglas Appleton, was recently seen clambering to the top of the local fire department's tallest ladder. From this shaky perch, he began tossing eggs down onto the school's lawn, seventy feet below.

Had the good headmaster gone a bit dotty, like the aristocratic oddballs whose antics enliven P. G. Wodehouse novels? Not at all: In pelting the lawn with eggs, Mr. Appleton was merely reaffirming the British tradition that says amateurs sometimes have a thing or two to tell the experts.

The egg-pitching episode got under way, as *Time* magazine tells the story, when Headmaster Appleton was lecturing his science students on the remarkable shape and structure that give the fragile-looking egg its toughness and resiliency.

To bring his point home, Appleton tossed a number of eggs out a second-floor school window. When they landed on the greensward below, only a few broke open. Noting the "intense interest and wonderment" this demonstration produced among his students, Appleton tried an even bolder eggsperiment. He groped his way to the top of the fire ladder and dropped ten eggs. Seven of them landed unscathed in front of the astonished students, who had formed a semicircle at a respectful distance from the splashdown point.

Headmaster Appleton then got a helicopter pilot to drop eighteen eggs on the school's playing fields, from 150 feet up. No less than fifteen eggs rebounded from the turf stubbornly intact.

Soon word got out, and other British schools began to run torture tests on eggs. Realizing that the game was afoot, the British *Daily Mail* promptly paid a well-known cricket bowler to send eggs skimming across the green between two cricket posts, at ninety miles an hour. When the eggs stopped bouncing along the grass, six out of ten were still whole.

Nothing loath, the rival *Daily Express* chartered a light plane, which jettisoned five dozen eggs while flying low, at 150 miles an hour, across a field near the Carr Mill School. Again, fully 60 per cent of the hen-fruit survived the skip-bombing.

When the eggomania subsided, it left many a scientist muttering over his slide rule and revising his notions about the common egg's uncommon durability. The nation-wide egg craze also left in its wake hundreds, perhaps thousands, of British youngsters who, their interest awakened by the episode, may someday become serious amateur scientists or even professionals.

Britain has, of course, long been a land aswarm with Appleton-style amateurs. Working alone or through amateur societies, they grind telescope mirrors, peer through microscopes, bone up on exotic languages, and in general serve the professional communities as a friendly auxiliary force.

Occasionally, gifted amateurs even outdo the professionals.

The classic case is that of Michael Ventris, a British architect and language hobbyist. In 1956, when he was in his mid-thirties, Ventris staggered the world's archeologists by translating hitherto undecipherable inscriptions left by the ancient Minoans. "Some of us," a professional archeologist commented dryly, "have derived great pleasure from the fact that the deciphering was done by an amateur, not a member of the union at all."

By contrast, amateur groups in the United States are on the anemic side, and our amateurs generally work in the shadows. How many Americans have heard of Grote Reber, the Wheaton, Illinois, amateur who in 1937 used odds and ends to build the world's first working radio telescope? Yet a teenager, Kaoru Ikeya, became a minor national hero in Japan when, in 1963, he discovered a major new comet, using a homemade telescope built at a cost of $20.

Why doesn't the United States have a vigorous amateur movement in the humanities, social sciences, and natural sciences? Perhaps because amateurs think professionals have no use for them, and professionals hardly know that there *are* any amateurs.

Yet, Yale biologist Edmund Sinnott said a decade ago that science alone needs ten million amateurs, to do team work under the direction of pros and to serve as a human bridge between scientists and laymen. Astronomers have long depended heavily on reports from thousands of organized volunteers who monitor stars, meteors, fireballs, and the planets. Other amateurs do valuable work in weather-watching, archeology, and oceanography.

Overall, though, our amateur movement remains puerile and lackluster alongside Britain's. In a time when people are bewailing the alienation of youth and of blue-collar workers, it is unfortunate that the United States does not have millions of enthusiastic amateurs working with top men in all the professions and disciplines. Such a movement might well, in its own small way, help knit together our badly raveled society.

What would happen if the government or a major foundation encouraged the emergence of a wide-ranging U.S. amateur movement? The very idea of moon-watchers in the slums and amateur archeologists among the grape-pickers will strike some people as hilariously visionary. But if an ordinary egg can (as Headmaster Appleton has shown us) survive a free fall from 150 feet up, what miracles may we not hope for from sentient human beings?

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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Letters to the Editor

Rewriting History

RE: Clifford Solway's "Turning History Upside Down" [*SR*, June 20]. I had high hopes of finding a new and fresh viewpoint on history, but instead found Mr. Solway lauding a warmed-over Neo-Marxism, [which] is one of the most oversimplified and superficial of all historical points of view. As is well known, the Marxian view is that all history is the inevitable result of conflict between classes arising out of industrialization. Marx based his view of the inevitability of conflict upon two fallacies:

1) The iron law of wages—Marx believed that the economy could produce only so much surplus to be divided and that the more that went to the capitalist the less was left for the laborer;

2) A relentless drive for a classless society—Experience seems to indicate that in the United States, at least, people divide into classes in accordance with education and type of employment rather than the rate of wages. The real class conflict in the United States today is not between the underpaid proletariat and the bloated plutocrats, but between the underpaid minorities and the bloated proletariat.

Taken at its broadest, history is the record of man's attempt to adapt to his total environment—natural, animal, and human. We ignore man's conflict with the other animals by relegating it to an era called prehistory, as if there were no history prior to the invention of writing. We can't get rid of his conflicts with nature and with other men quite so easily.

One example of how historians treat mankind's conflict with nature is the treatment of the "dust bowl" incident of the 1930s. I'd gamble that you would have a hard time finding any high school or college text that does not give more space to the border incident with Pancho Villa than it does to the dust bowl, in which hundreds of thousands of Americans were reduced to poverty and homelessness.

A second example is even more to the point. More than three thousand years ago the Tigris-Euphrates Valley supported almost four million people. Its largest city, Babylon, was almost as big as present-day Seattle, and larger than Oakland, San Diego, or Portland, Oregon. Today, the greater part of the valley is a desert. Fertility was lost through the depositing of alkali in and on the soil by irrigation water from the mountains. I have seen this condition mentioned in at least three different books on Near Eastern history, and each gave one sentence to the phenomenon. It receives much less discussion in most histories than do harems and harem intrigues.

A third example also comes from the Near East. Archeology shows that as late as the time of Solomon, three thousand years ago, Palestine was a land of abundant rainfall. Yet, today it is almost entirely dependent upon irrigation. Why? Because in the thousand-year period between Solomon and Jesus the forests of Lebanon were cut down and goats pastured on the cut-over land. It is a known fact that seven-ninths of all the water taken into the air to become rain comes from vegetation and only two-ninths from the sea. Thus, in time, deforestation reduces rainfall sharply and will reduce an area to a desert. One sees almost nothing about this in the histories of Israel or of Palestine.

Peru has just undergone a national disaster. An earthquake has killed fifty thousand people and left another eight hundred thousand homeless. I'll wager that in general Latin American histories written five years hence this quake will receive less space than the contemporary kidnaping of a German diplomat.

This is not a plea for a return to providential history, but we must recognize that what man does to nature and what nature does to man, and what men think, all have an effect upon human events; they do affect history, regardless of all the Marxan thinkers in America.

MAXWELL H. MORRIS, TH.D.,
Bremerton, Wash.

CLIFFORD SOLWAY'S article reminds me of another account of rewriting history: George Orwell's *1984*. Mr. Solway engages in Newthink, Doublespeak, and a few other propagandistic devices. For Newthink we find the reaffirmation of nineteenth-century teleological idealism, which the historians of America struggled for so long to throw off. For Doublespeak we get reinterpretations of such works as Hartz's *The Liberal Tradition in America*. (Actually, Solway's account of the book is very similar to a review of it that appeared in *SR* some fifteen years ago, wherein the reviewer appeared to have read only the first and last chapters.) Moreover, Solway does not appear to have read recent works such as Boorstin's *The Image*; if he had, he could hardly feel justified in classifying Boorstin as a complacent, consensus Establishmentarian.

ROBERT L. SAVAGE,
Columbia, Mo.

CLIFFORD SOLWAY comes down to earth when he ruefully states, "middle America is in political charge, and it glowers as the radical parade passes by." Glowers, as does a loving concerned parent, determined to prevent a naïve child from destroying himself.

America is not to blame for the ills of the world, but it has put its ideology and technology to work to eliminate many of them.

I guess radicalcountertraditionalprogressivehistorical ideology is yet another disease for us to cure. It's probably hereditary. I'm sure glad most free-lance writers like Mr. Solway don't make enough bread to have large families.

MRS. BARBARA LIDSTONE,
Merritt Island, Fla.

New Dream

THE TITLE of N.C.'s editorial "Needed: A New Dream" [*SR*, June 20] clearly states

"Please excuse the interruption. I just want to say thanks and God bless you."

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the most crucial need of our time. However, the editorial stops short of suggesting actions to be taken in generating this new dream. It seems unlikely that it will result from campus riots, inflaming rhetoric, political polarization, or police and military repression.

I would suggest that we need a massive infusion of visions of what Man is and can be, visions of what Life is and can be, visions of what the potentialities or alternative futures are for Man and Life as viewed from this latter part of the twentieth century. These are necessary components in the processes of establishing new priorities and determining the texture and quality that we seek in the solutions to the problems facing us.

Furthermore, I would like to suggest that *SR* marshal its resources to initiate the kind of national seminar in which all of us can participate in order to begin to formulate the new dream. This we need in order to transcend our current, petty, and outdated loyalties in the interest of responsibly and responsively designing a livable future.

MILTON K. SNYDER,
Claremont, Calif.

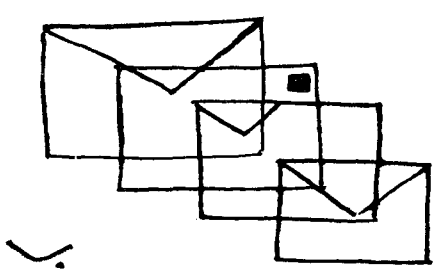
Shadow over U.N.

LESTER B. PEARSON'S article "The U.N. at 25" [*SR*, June 27] was interesting, if depressing. Many of us will agree with Mr. Pearson's statement: "No eloquent orations can conceal the fact that there is growing disillusionment and discouragement." But what is the cause of this disillusionment and discouragement? One of the greatest mistakes of world history was the placing of the United Nations headquarters in New York City. An equivalent mistake would have been to place it in Moscow. The smaller nations, who make up the vast bulk of the membership by nations, feel more and more as time goes on that this supposed world organization is under the thumb of the United States of America.

The only thing that will put new life into the United Nations is to move its headquarters to Geneva, Switzerland. For one thing, people will be able to breathe in Switzerland. Also, the smaller nations will feel free to speak up without feeling above them the shadowing wings of the American eagle.

All that is needed are vision and courage and the ability to act. The smaller nations must forget all petty differences and act together—and act soon. And the United States of America must be big enough to relinquish its strangle hold on the United Nations.

NORMAN LEWIS,
Lake George, N.Y.



SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

How Darling Was My Lili

HOLLYWOOD IS really a curious place. At a time when recession has cut production schedules to an unprecedented low, one might expect that the entire community would pray for the success of each new release, and pray even harder for those multimillion-dollar spectaculars whose failure could topple a studio. Far from it. Industry people seem to dote on impending disaster, gleefully spreading rumors about scripts that are in trouble and budgets (generally at inflated figures) that have gotten out of hand. "It can never recoup its costs" is probably the most frequently heard comment at any of Hollywood's trade-studded premieres.

It was repeated again after the recent preview of Paramount's long-awaited *Darling Lili*, whose astronomical budget has been placed variously at $22-million and $25-million. But this time there was also added, in tones of wonderment, "But you know, it's really *good*!" Rarely has so much bad word-of-mouth preceded a picture. As the shooting schedule increased, as the costs mounted, everyone was certain that *Darling Lili* would prove to be a landmark disaster.

Happily, the opposite seems to be the case. Whether it will ever make back whatever it cost is almost beside the point; it is definitely, joyously, what the industry likes to call an "audience picture"—and in these days when it has become increasingly difficult to find anything to take the kids to, it might also be described as a "family picture."

Darling Lili is definitely *not* a critic's picture, however. A World War I spy story set to Henry Mancini's music, its plot is as puncture-proof as the canvas-covered Spads and Jennies featured in its spectacular aerial sequences. On a somewhat more serious level, the notion that a spy, no matter how glamorous and attractive (and in this film, Julie Andrews is both), can make an appealing heroine is at least slightly appalling. Spies kill people, without ever setting finger to the trigger of a gun. Indeed, whenever the realities of war impinge upon this *romanza*, the aftertaste is bitter.

But the overall effect is surprisingly sweet. Julie Andrews, understandably the toast of the London music halls, is assigned by the German high command the task of spying out the Allies' plans for aerial warfare. The object of her attentions is Rock Hudson, who plies her with a superabundance of flowers, champagne, and gypsy music. Inevitably, they fall in love; and, despite her knowing that two comic-opera minions of French Army Intelligence are suspicious of Hudson, and not quite certain about her, the affair continues until she learns that Operation Crepes Suzette, in which he is involved, refers not to military strategy, but to a French music hall performer.

Blake Edwards, who produced, directed, and coauthored (with William Peter Blatty) *Darling Lili*, can be accused of inconsistency of style, social irresponsibility, and a disconcerting disregard for how difficult it is for people to get from one place to another in time of war. But that is only if you forget that the film is essentially a musical, for which most of the rules of logic and dramaturgy normally are suspended. Edwards, to his own disadvantage, has integrated the dozen or so musical numbers so completely that they become as much part of the film's fabric as the lush château backgrounds and the spine-tingling aerial dogfights. *Darling Lili* is no *Mary Poppins* or *Sound of Music*, but for audiences who dote on Julie Andrews and such escapist fare, it is probably the best escape around.

The outs are not so easy in *Cotton Comes to Harlem*, based on a detective novel by Chester Himes, which brews a heady mixture of comedy, action, and social message. Photographed entirely in Harlem, it introduces two hard-boiled Negro detectives (Raymond St. Jacques and Godfrey Cambridge) who shadow a handsome pseudo-preacher (Calvin Lockhart) suspected of purloining $87,000 in "back to Africa" funds. Once again, there are holes in the plot wide enough to drive a squad car through; but more important—more important even than the rough, trenchant dialogue and the novelty of authentic Harlem backgrounds—is the film's unforced yet always credible presentation of the cross-currents in urban Negro communities today. Ossie Davis, both as director and coauthor (with Arnold Perl), views the scene with the humor and understanding perhaps possible only to a highly intelligent and sensitive Negro. In any case, that intelligence and sensitivity hopefully can help many whites to understand the black man better—and, also hopefully, more black men to understand themselves.

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The Banality of Revolt

by SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET

THE END OF THE AMERICAN ERA

by Andrew Hacker

Atheneum, 239 pp., $6.50

THE AGE OF AQUARIUS: Technology and the Cultural Revolution

by William Braden

Quadrangle, 306 pp., $7.95

Andrew Hacker, one of the brightest iconoclasts in American political science, and William Braden, a journalist who has taken the scholarly world for his beat, have produced two quite disparate books on the contemporary age. Although they share the belief that the present epoch is qualitatively different from earlier ones, Mr. Hacker is pessimistic and sees it as "the end of the American era." Mr. Braden is not so sure: he received conflicting opinions from those he interviewed and read, with the result that he holds out some hope for "the age of Aquarius." Both men find the source of the change in technology as it affects varying forms of behavior, the corporation, the university, work orientations, the family, politics, and other institutions. Mr. Hacker's is clearly the better book, in part because it *is* a book. And it has a thesis: America is in a state of decline, largely because—like various former great societies—having become wealthy, we have lost many of our incentives to continue acting the way a people on the rise must behave. Mr. Braden, on the other hand, has come close to writing a non-book, one that simply reports, sometimes clearly, sometimes not, the contradictory views of a variety of people. Neither work convinces me that disaster or utopia is at hand.

Social analysts, whether social scientists or journalists, have the natural propensity to treat every mess that we are in as the end of the line. More often than not they explain the dominant trends as the result of a long-term structural process, which has had as its inevitable result the contemporary state of affairs. To introduce some relatively short-range historical perspective into the discussion, since 1918 there have been at least four social epochs, which, if the social analysis of the time had been correct, should have continued indefinitely.

Immediately after World War I, the nation was faced with a series of prospective political disasters: violent race riots (usually initiated by whites) in both Northern and Southern cities; massive repressive measures against radicals; and the growth of the multi-million-member anti-Negro, anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic, and heavily moralistic Ku Klux Klan, which strongly influenced politics in many cities and states, both North and South. Not only did the KKK receive near-majority backing at both national party conventions in 1924, the Presidential candidacy of aggressively anti-Semitic Henry Ford gained considerable support. The Prohibition Amendment was ratified by Congress, which also passed restrictive anti-Semitic and anti-Catholic immigration legislation and, to cap its isolationism, rejected the League of Nations and the World Court. Meanwhile several states outlawed the teaching of evolution in the public schools.

This enormous triumph of provincial, nativist, fundamentalist white Protestant America was explained by

SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET wrote, with Earl Raab, *The Politics of Unreason: Right-Wing Extremists in the U.S. 1790-1970*, to be published in September.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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many writers as a backlash by the dominant old American Protestant middle class to the challenge to their status, power, and basic sense of moral rectitude brought about by urbanization, the instability of the family, the corruption exuded in the mass media, radio and the movies, urban politics, and the like. Henry Ford denounced jazz, Hollywood, and the short skirt, ascribing them to Jewish conspiracies. We seemed ripe for an indefinite right-wing period. Yet by 1925 the Klan was rapidly declining in strength, and even Al Smith's nomination for President in 1928 could not revive it. Five years later Prohibition was easily repealed.

The Depression of the 1930s provoked a variety of new political and cultural reactions. Although opinion polarized to the left and right, most liberal as well as radical economists and social analysts agreed that unemployment was inherent in a capitalist economy. Even the New Deal reforms failed to cure mass unemployment, and only World War II seemed able to end the Depression. Experts and average citizens alike took it for granted that, once the war was over, the country and the world must anticipate a return to mass unemployment. Sociologists planned studies of its effects by interviewing workers who might be expected to lose their jobs after hostilities ceased.

The postwar decades, particularly the Fifties, brought concern over the problem of conformism, the lack of social criticism and personal deviance. Radicals like C. Wright Mills, Erich Fromm, Herbert Marcuse, and Barrington Moore, Jr., posited a weakening in the factors making for protest as a result of bureaucratization and affluence. Moore, for example, suggested in a book published in 1958 that in the United States the decline of economic oppression meant that "the driving force of discontent disappears, and a society settles down for a time to a stolid acceptance of things as they are." David Riesman argued that the increase of wealth made it difficult "to recruit politicians who speak for the oppressed strata." Marcuse felt that prosperity and the accompanying plenitude of consumer goods that satisfied desires stimulated by the media reduced the possibilities of mass-protest movements to near zero. Others, like Raymond Aron, Daniel Bell and myself, conceptualized the increased consensus as the "end" or "decline of ideology," meaning by this a reduction in the appeal of total ideologies which projected radical images of the good society.

In a more limited sphere, the phenomenon of McCarthyism—the appeal of a repressive anti-communism—in the early Fifties was explained in terms reminiscent of the analyses of the right-wing repression of the Twenties. That is, it was a reaction to the strains of a changing, highly mobile society: various groups deeply resented threats to their claim to status or traditional values produced by an expanding open system, in which many individuals and groups moved up and down the class hierarchy. If these structural analyses were accurate, the Sixties should have been like the Fifties, only more so.

Similar examples of the frailty of structural-trend analyses can be adduced for nonpolitical social patterns. The 1920s were a period of religious revival; the 1930s witnessed a sharp sag in religious commitment; the late Forties and the Fifties again were characterized by increases in religious affiliations, while the evidence from the late Sixties points to a shrinking in church membership and attendance, as well as to drastic liberalization of the concept of religion. During each period religious writers explained the attitudes of the moment in structural terms.

Until the end of World War II demographers could demonstrate that the continuing decline of the birth rate in Western countries was due to industrialization and urbanization. But suddenly the birth rate went up and remained high. During the Sixties the rates again decidedly dropped, reaching the low levels of the Thirties. In each epoch social scientists have had logical explanations for the variant in conception, explanations that usually assumed the continuation of the existing trend.

Perhaps the best example of the propensity for repetitive unimaginative structural explanations of recurrent phenomena may be found in the discussions of youth behavior and protest, which both Hacker and Braden cite as examples of major, relatively unique social changes. Yet almost every generation of older Americans has bemoaned the lowering of morality, the lack of respect, even the growth of radicalism in the young. Thus the innovative tendencies of the pre-World War I student generation that gave birth to the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, the settlement-house movement to organize the urban poor, and the radical Young Intellectuals were explained as reactions to rapid technological developments, particularly in the media, and the resultant crippling of religion and family discipline.

Writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* of February 1911, Cornelia Comer attributed the rebelliousness and "*culte de moi*" among the affluent young to the fact that no one read books any more or studied hard, as her generation had done. Rather, the present one had had their tastes formed by frequent attendance at "the continuous vaudeville and the motion-picture shows," because parents were too afraid of their children to keep them "at home when all the other children are allowed to go," or to teach the young the values that they had learned, since these now appeared to be old-fashioned. Two months later the undergraduate socialist intellectual Randolph Bourne replied to this attack on the badly brought-up young radicals by agreeing that rapid change and slackened home discipline had affected their standards. He concluded, however, that these were better than those of their elders, that the youth of his generation could see more clearly precisely because they were freer than their predecessors from allegiance to outmoded conventions. "In an age of newspapers, free libraries, and cheap magazines," Bourne added, "we necessarily get a broader horizon than the passing generation had. We see what is

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

THE MAMAS AND THE PAPAS

In Columns 2 and 3 are the mothers and fathers of the characters in Column 1. Charlotte Stefanic of Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich., pleads with you to bring these broken families together. The domestic relations court convenes on page 57.

1. Aeneas ( )	A. Odette	a. Samuel
2. Antigone ( )	B. Rachel	b. James
3. Hedvig Ekdal ( )	C. Linda	c. Alexey
4. Soames Forsyte ( )	D. Venus	d. Paul
5. Joseph ( )	E. Penny	e. Charles
6. Seryozha Karenin ( )	F. Gina	f. Jacob
7. Biff Loman ( )	G. Jocasta	g. Hjalmar
8. Cyril Povey ( )	H. Anna	h. Oedipus
9. Gilberte Swann ( )	I. Emily	i. Anchises
10. Alice Sycamore ( )	J. Constance	j. Willy

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going on in the world, and we get the clash of different points of view, to an extent which was impossible to our fathers."

The 1920s also witnessed rebellion by the young on and off campus. It took both political and cultural forms, and involved black as well as white students, who strenuously objected to the supposedly dehumanizing effects of technology on society and resisted the impact of "sciencism" on the university. For them, as for many contemporary critics quoted by Braden, science and humanism were incompatible. In 1925, the *New York World* editorialized concerning the "revolt which is going on in colleges and universities all over the country" against the ROTC, abridgment of free speech, stupid courses, official history, and the like. The rejection of the past was also evidenced by short skirts, a sharp rise in premarital sex relations, and extensive violations of the Volstead Act prohibiting the use of alcoholic beverages. Ernest Earnest, a historian of the period, tells us that what the defenders of the established order overlooked was the fact that "youth has an instinctive hatred of bunk." The "greatest gulf," he observed, "was that between generations. Parents, and faculty members over thirty, found the younger generation incomprehensible, while youth regarded their elders as either hopelessly incompetent or as pious hypocrites. Probably never in American history had two generations found it harder to communicate."

The collapse of family discipline in the 1920s was explained by Earnest in part by social failures and ills, "the war, Prohibition, by the Red Scare of 1919-20, and by scandals like that of Teapot Dome." Others pointed to the impact of technological contraptions, particularly the automobile and radio, in eroding home influence and exposing the young to a diversity of ideas and sensations. The Census of 1920 reported an urban majority for the first time in American history, and John Gavit argued, in a book dealing with the behavior of college students, that urbanization meant a lessening of "the sense of responsibility to neighborhood public opinion and standards," a marked reduction in time spent with children by parents, who were engrossed with frivolous activities. Like earlier analysts, he suggested that young people "whose home experience has given them no standards, or no self-control with which to enforce such as they have, always go to pieces when superimposed restraints are lifted."

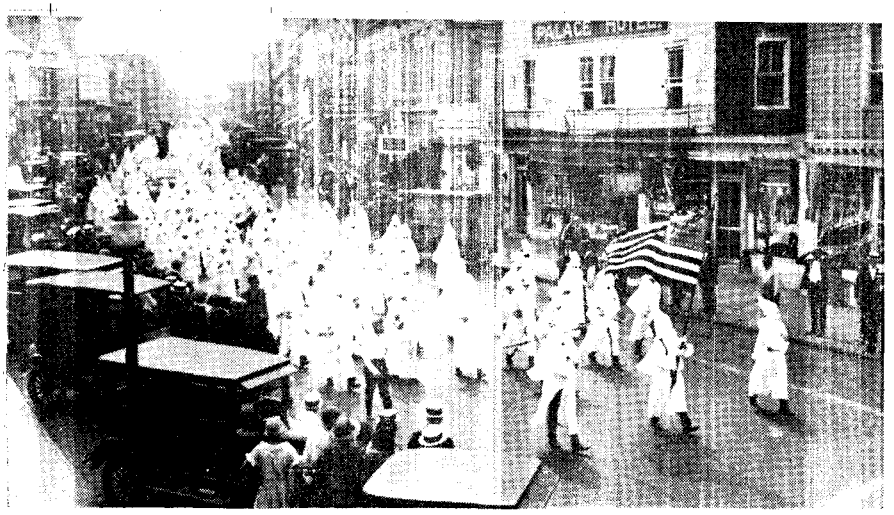
Since the beginning of the present century those seeking to explain student unrest have pointed to the inadequacy of professors, who were encouraged by the system increasingly dominant in academe to spend excessive time on research and publication to win salary and status. Almost every month complaints similar to that published in *The World's Work* in July 1901 have appeared: "In most of our universities the teaching of youth has become less efficient than it once was . . . because of the too common effort to unite it with original research." During the 1920s, in addition to blaming research for bad teaching, many students and educational analysts alike deplored the growing size of the university, and the resulting bureaucratization and impersonality. Some of the articles read like Mario Savio's speeches in Berkeley in 1964.

Thus in 1920 the lot of the undergraduate at the University of Wisconsin was described in the following terms: "The student is admitted by thousands, registered by a vast clerical machine, assigned to courses, divided into sections, lectured to, quizzed, tested, . . . recorded, card-indexed, filed, questionnaired, statisticized, and his documentation is kept in a safe." But it should be noted that, before 1910, Laurence Veysey in his brilliant work, *The Emergence of the American University*, points to the abundant evidence of the absence of a "personal relationship" between faculty and students, from the mid-nineteenth century on: "The barrier between teacher and student loomed, if anything, far higher . . ." in the second half of the nineteenth century than later.

Clark Kerr's complaint about "professors in absentia" and his 1963 prediction of a student revolt against them have been frequently cited when discussing the evil effects of the rise of the multiversity. But Addison Hibbard of North Carolina noted similar difficulties faced by students in 1928 as a consequence of "our truant professors," who were heavily involved in consulting, writing, lecturing, and other status-enhancing, lucrative activities made possible by the increased dependence of a complex, urban, industrial society on academic intelligence.

In pointing to erstwhile problems in society and on campus that resemble those of the present discussed so effusively by Braden and Hacker, it is not my intention to suggest that the current scene is simply, or even largely, a replay of the past. Obviously, this is not so. There can be little doubt that both the foreign and domestic difficulties in which America is embroiled are much more complex than anything faced in recent decades. Television does strike me as having more impact as a communications medium than any that preceded it. The U.S. was never in the position it attained during World War II of being the dominant world power, albeit for a very short period, as Hacker properly indicates. A much larger proportion of academe has been occupied in well-financed collective research projects than at any earlier period. The proportion of youth attending university is now close to 50 per cent of the cohort; in 1930 it was 12 per cent. Over 20 per cent of black youth of college age now attend higher-education institutions. More middle-class youth than in previous epochs have grown up in environments that were liberal politically, and extremely permissive in home discipline.

In effect, both Braden and Hacker suggest that we are living in a time of revolution and change, not the revolution advocated by the New Left or other radicals, but still one that will produce a qualitatively different world from anything we have experienced. For Hacker, it is a dissolution of community, of social cohesion, of respect for authority; in short, much of our national legitimacy is gone, and we will not recover. Clearly, he is right if we limit the concept of the "American Era" to our international power role. The U.S. will never regain the hegemony it had between 1945 and 1950. Hacker, however, means much more



—Brown Brothers.

KKK in Long Branch, N.J., July 4, 1924—a backlash by the dominant middle class.

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than this by the decline of America, and here I am simply not convinced.

His main evidence for the reversal of the American "willingness to sacrifice," for the lack of conviction in our beliefs and institutions, is established by "focusing on our record of support for military ventures." He points to the reluctance of young Americans "to offer themselves for military duty" in the Korean and Vietnamese wars, which he credits to the increased "comforts and pleasures of the nonmilitary sphere." But, surely, Mr. Hacker remembers that every war America has fought has been massively opposed. To decry wars, to refuse to go, is at least as American as apple pie. Sol Tax, of the University of Chicago, who has attempted to compare the extent of antiwar activity throughout American history, concluded that the Vietnam War is only our fourth least popular military conflict. What Mr. Hacker fails to recognize is that the same Protestant propensity for moralistic crusades which has been expressed in various efforts to reform the rest of the world by war also underlies the endeavors of numerous Americans to resist immoral wars. For many Americans, wars must be moral or immoral; one must do God's work in supporting or opposing them. (The United States is the only country in which the majority of the citizens have adhered to what the British called the "dissenting" or "nonconformist" denominations, rather than to groups that are or once were state churches. The values of moralistic dissenters, mainly the Baptists and Methodists, have deeply informed our political history, in terms of a propensity for domestic and international crusades against satanic enemies.)

The War of 1812 was intensely unpopular among the merchants and other strata; some New England states threatened to secede on the issue. Abraham Lincoln and many Whigs denounced the Mexican War. The abolitionists regarded it as an immoral conflict fought to extend the domain of slavery, and innumerable Catholics objected to fighting a Catholic country. Indeed, the Mexican Army was able to form units composed of American deserters. By paying $300, men could and did buy themselves out of the Civil War, which, ironically, since Karl Marx enthusiastically supported it, is the only war regarded popularly as "a rich man's war and a poor man's fight." The antidraft riots of 1863 were the bloodiest of our history. Professors and other intellectuals were vilified in the press and pulpit as traitors for their opposition to the Spanish-American War. Oliver Wendell Holmes expressed his disgust at the "self-righteous" anti-

(*Continued on page* 34)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Fight Against Madness

MY HACKLES ROSE at the statement by Roy N. Reece [BOOK FORUM, June 27] that *SR* wasted seven pages on Daniel Berrigan. Mr. Reece reveals his own logic-compartmentalized mind when he speaks of Berrigan—and others who are spurred to action by the madness shown by our leaders in drafting boys too young to vote to fight in the most immoral war in history—as "immature."

Let Mr. Reece remember that "whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." Daniel Berrigan, those young draft resisters, and men like Eldridge Cleaver want to help those who are not mad to escape the total destruction the insane seem bent upon.

CORA G. CHASE,
Vaughn, Wash.

Disillusion, Soaring Spirits

ALTHOUGH I AM NOT a committed admirer of John Updike, I find John Aldridge's tirade [*SR*, June 27] unfair and unenlightening. One needn't go to extremes to prove a point, but Mr. Aldridge certainly has. I also don't understand why a writer of fiction cannot have a theological frame of mind.

Mr Aldridge confuses, I think, his own dislikes with the tenets of good and meaningful writing. Perhaps his discussion was a cover-up for his failure to review Updike's *Bech*. What a disappointment for one who was certainly a committed admirer of Mr. Aldridge!

MARGARET PERRY,
Rochester, N.Y.

JOHN ALDRIDGE'S caustic remarks about John Updike's overblown and overrated prose left me with soaring spirits.

Speaking as a retired court reporter, with forty years' experience in trying to break long-winded legal and medical jargon down into readable prose—a process that at times amounts to a certain degree of sensible guesswork—it is heartening to know that others besides myself, who read for pleasure, don't like to guess what an author meant.

ANNE SCHOU,
Alexandria, Va.

Word-Slinging

AFTER READING A. Alvarez's essay on *The Annotated Lolita* [*SR*, June 13], I must submit that, having pulled our mental legs, Nabokov now seems to be trying to yank our very souls out of us. As a word-slinger he makes the other professionals appear to be amateurs. Who, however, has given us better writing than that contained in the stretch, in *Ada*, about time?

WADE VAN DORE,
Clearwater Beach, Fla.

A THOROUGH JOB should not be confused with the "crazed pedantry" Mr. Alvarez finds in the notes. *The Annotated Lolita* cannot destroy the peculiar pleasure that *Lolita* offers, since it does not pretend to precede or replace a reading of the original.

JESLIE PINTCHIK,
Hewlitt, N.Y.

"The Book of Good Love"

YOUR CHOICE of a professor of French and comparative literatures to review a translation of Juan Ruiz's *El libro de buen amor* [*SR*, June 20] was unfortunate, to say the least. There are fine scholars in the field of medieval Spanish who would have identified the translators, evaluated both the translation and the original with insight and understanding, and told us whether this version is worth $10 or whether we would be better advised just to tell our English-speaking friends to wait a while longer.

MARGRETTA LEROY,
Santa Fe, N.M.

[Sic]-Worthy

HARRY T. MOORE'S review of my edition of Yeats's *Uncollected Prose* (Vol. I) [*SR*, June 20] was very generous and perceptive. Since Professor Moore has questioned some editorial details, I think I owe him the courtesy of a reply. The name "Thistelton" which I have [*sic*]ed in a Yeats article is my misprint for "Thiselton," a misspelling of the name and hence worthy of a [*sic*] made, I assure Prof. Moore, more in duty than in anger.

Professor Moore wonders why I bother to identify Lord Beaconsfield. I am sure that I will provoke more of his ironic amusement when I tell him that I had a good idea who Lord Beaconsfield was but was not absolutely sure—and hence decided to be obvious. It is a common delusion of the scholarly to assume that their specialized knowledge is household currency.

I did not identify the tantalizing "Mr. Smeeth" because I did not know who he was and because I could not find any information on him. I hope my caution is to be commended.

JOHN P. FRAYNE,
Champaign, Ill.

No Joke

MEYER LEVIN [*SR*, June 13] attributes Arthur Morse's book *While Six Million Died* to Robert Morse, the comedian. I assure you, that excellent account of American duplicity toward Jewish refugees during World War II is no laughing matter.

CATHERINE C. EDWARDS,
Des Moines, Iowa

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The Wretched Poet Who Lived in the House of Bedlam

by A. ALVAREZ

THE LIFE OF EZRA POUND

by Noel Stock

Pantheon, 472 pp., $10

In the sober and rather frightened 1950s it became an article of literary faith that Ezra Pound's politics were more or less extraneous to his poetry; that they were an aberration, an embarrassment, almost as though he had misjudged the tone of some esthetic occasion. Just how badly he had misjudged it was obvious to all, since Pound at the time was incarcerated in a hospital for the criminally insane in Washington, D.C. While Senator Joseph McCarthy rampaged, and writers migrated in despair from politics to the analyst's couch, Pound lay, like Ozymandias in the desert, a terrible warning of what happens when an artist meddles in areas he doesn't understand.

It was a morality play for our times: the young esthete who went to Europe in 1908—having been relieved of his duties as a teacher of Romance languages because of behavior too "Latin Quarter" for Wabash College, Indiana—had come home at last in 1945, handcuffed and under armed guard, to stand trial for treason. A few months before Pound gave himself up in Italy, George Orwell wrote that he hoped "the American authorities do not catch Pound and shoot him, as they have threatened to do. It would establish his reputation so thoroughly that it might be a good hundred years before anyone could determine dispassionately whether Pound's much-debated poems are any good or not." In the event, the authorities forbore to make a martyr of him; examined by four psychiatrists, he was found unfit to plead and locked up in St. Elizabeth's Hospital. Considering the temper of the time, he was lucky. John Amery, who had broadcast for Hitler more coherently but no more virulently than Pound had for Mussolini, was executed by the British that same year.

A. ALVAREZ's most recent book is *Beyond All This Fiddle.*

Pound spent nearly thirteen long years in St. Elizabeth's before he was released. He is now eighty-five, the oldest poet of them all. But the question of how good his poems are is still debated and still to be settled. To my mind, he is not in the same class as Eliot or Yeats; his emotional range is too narrow, his concerns too cranky, his inspiration too spasmodic, his tolerance of boredom too high, his prejudices despicable. Yet somehow he remains the greatest poetic influence. It was because of Pound that Yeats shed the Irish mist which swaddled his early verse and became a genuinely modern poet. It was also because of Pound that Eliot and James Joyce and Wyndham Lewis first got a proper hearing. Above all, it was because of Pound that the language of poetry became adapted to this century. He stripped away the useless ornaments, the sweetnesses and phoney rhythms; he cut off the rhetorical fat.

It is a major achievement, but just how slow and costly it has been is demonstrated in Noel Stock's semi-official biography. The book is official inasmuch as Stock has had access to Pound's library and many of his private papers, and a great deal of cooperation from Pound's wife. It earns its "semi" because Stock is a lapsed disciple. Once one of Pound's most fervent followers, who helped spread the word about Social Credit through Australia and promoted Pound's poetry, Poundisms, and Pound pastiche, he has come at last to the conclusion that the enterprise is far shakier than he ever dreamed. The credits are large but so, too, are the debits; the *Cantos* have not worked out. As a critic, Stock's characteristic note is one of reluctant despair.

Most of the time, however, his sole concern is with details—always painstaking, often rather plodding. It could hardly have been otherwise, for Pound's life, from his student days until he was almost eighty, is a record of unprecedented activity, unflagging, unstoppable, manic. Apart from the poetry, there is a constant stream of plans and programs, letters, pamphlets, polemics, translations, little magazines, books from private presses, campaigns on behalf of everything from Confucius to Mussolini, Vivaldi to James Joyce.

At one point he was associated with the Vorticist movement. Naturally, he wrote a book on the subject, *Gaudier-Brzeska*, a fascinating memorial to his friend the sculptor, now reissued by New Directions ($7.50). The vortex, he said, is "the point of maximum energy." Pound himself was a kind of literary vortex, whirling people, movements, ideas, and styles into action.

When Pound first saw Eliot's "Prufrock" he remarked with amazement, and perhaps a touch of resentment, that Eliot had "trained himself *and* modernized himself *on his own*." It is a key difference between them. Eliot began with an originality that Pound achieved only slowly and with much labor; more important still, Eliot began as a twentieth-century poet, whereas Pound painfully made himself into one. Early in his London days two of his poems were chosen for the *Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*; they are by no means out of place, and he was proud for them to be there.

His background was conventional and provincial. He was born in Idaho in 1885, but his family moved east to Philadelphia before he was three. They were respectable middle-class. Pound's grandfather had been a Congressman, and almost made it into Garfield's Cabinet. His father, whose prophetically poetic name was Homer, was an assayer in the U.S. Mint, and Ezra, an only child, was doted on. Stock tells the story of a visit to the fastidious and no doubt horrified Max Beerbohm in Rapallo in the 1930s:

> Most of the time Ezra Pound talked, a barrage of historical detail and proposals for monetary reform. During a lull in which he was absent from the room, Homer leant across, and, shaking his head in wonderment, said, "You know, Mr. Beerbohm, there isn't a darn thing that boy of mine don't know."

At this time Pound was pushing fifty, yet even then there was still something about him of the wonder boy who knew and could do everything— and not only in his proud father's eyes.

This bounce and infallibility sustained him when he arrived in London in 1908, aged twenty-three, with £3 cash and a bundle of copies of *A Lume Spento*, a collection of sugary lyrics he had had printed at his own expense in Venice. His ambitions, both for himself and his book, were enormous, and he didn't much care how he achieved them. "The American reprint," he wrote in a letter home, "has got to be worked by kicking up such a hell of a row with genuine and faked reviews that Scribner or somebody can be brought to see the sense of making a reprint. I shall write a few myself and get some one to

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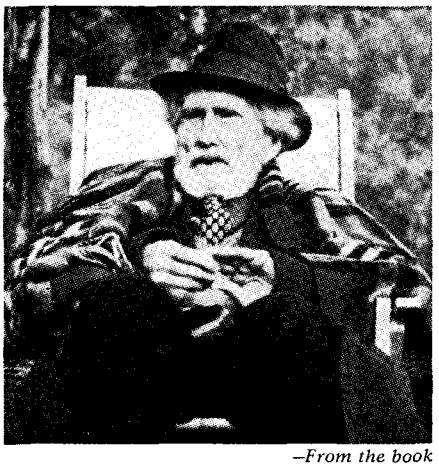

–From the book

Ezra Pound–"a terrible warning."

sign 'em." At this point in his career his lyrics and Browning-and-water monologues were no better, no worse than most of the verse being turned out in London. What set Pound apart was his sense of purpose, his jaunty, driven bumptiousness about literature and literary politics. It was effective but unattractive, as William Carlos Williams had seen while they were students:

> Not one person in a thousand likes him, and a great many people detest him and why? Because he is so darned full of conceits and affectation. He is really a brilliant talker and thinker but delights in making himself just exactly what he is not: a laughing boor.

With his fiery hair and beard and his unsinkable manner, Pound drove through the weedy pond of literary London like a battleship. He had his success, his name became known, and he saw that it wasn't worth the effort. After that first push, his ambitions became subtler, more serious: he wanted to change the whole face of poetry. Like a musician with absolute pitch, he had an unfailing instinct for the genuine thing in literature; hence his immediate recognition of Joyce and Eliot long before anyone else saw their genius. He had, too, the ability to learn. When Pound read his *Canzoni* to Ford Madox Ford, that unofficial Keeper of the Purity of English Prose rolled on the floor in horror and ridicule. "That roll," said Pound later, "saved me at least two years, perhaps more." This was in the summer of 1911. In the autumn he met T. E. Hulme, the most brilliant and seminal literary figure of prewar London, who was to die in the trenches. From Hulme's persuasive, witty hatred of Romanticism and mysticism, his belief in the classical virtues of rationality, understatement, and accurate description, came Imagism, the cornerstone of Pound's whole esthetic. Hulme made the original jump and did the intellectual groundwork; Pound put the principles into practice.

In an article signed by F. S. Flint but ghosted by Pound, the rules of Imagism are reduced to three:

1) Direct treatment of the "thing" whether subjective or objective.
2) To use absolutely no word that does not contribute to the presentation.
3) As regarding rhythm: to compose in the sequence of the musical phrase, not in sequence of a metronome.

The simplicity is deceptive. In fact, the rules went flatly against the post-Swinburne fashion of combining vague feeling with a compulsive beat, and padding the lines accordingly with meaningless epithets and clichés. Above all, it was a move to replace the basic component of traditional English verse, the iambic pentameter, with a less predictable form that would allow the poet to follow precisely the movement of his own sensibility.

The effect on subsequent poetry was considerable; it is the technical basis of the whole modernist movement. Yet, despite Pound's efforts to promote it, Imagism itself was a peculiarly minor affair and attracted only minor talents, like Hilda Doolittle and Richard Aldington. Pound himself used the style as an instrument with which to chip away the thick, inert crust of habit that had accreted around the language of poetry. Beneath it, he believed, was a purified, shining medium, almost without associations, each word of which was separate and intent in its own single meaning, as though freshly minted. His ideal, in short, was to write as though he had never read Shakespeare. (I once said this to Pound, and he replied that of course his literary ancestor was Dante. He misunderstood me, but what he was implying was clear and true enough: his Americanism, his absorption in Romance languages, and his continual labor as a translator combined to set him outside the English poetic tradition.)

With this pristine language Pound hoped, I think, to create an equally glowing and clarified civilization. Yet his models were always buried far in the past: Provence of the troubadours, Dante's Italy, classical Greece, the ancient China of Confucius. In the first seven or so *Cantos* and in *Homage to Sextus Propertius* he resurrected this ideal with power, economy, and grace, and in the marvelous *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* he measured contemporary life against "the sublime" and found it wanting. Yet his impulse was always essentially nostalgic. In other words, even at the height of his powers he remained what he had been from the start: an esthete, a man to whom life is tolerable only when filtered through art. Without that saving filter, the business of living seemed to him corrupt.

Modesty had never been Pound's forte. Sometime around the end of World War I he decided that, having saved poetry, he must now save the world. Hulme had opened the way for him into Imagism; now came Major C. H. Douglas with the word about Social Credit. The path from there to an obsession with the evils of usury was short and easy. Then came the long, downward slope to rabid anti-Semitism, Fascism, and paranoia. It ended in a madhouse in Washington.

Pound's friends agree that under the fulmination and bumptiousness was an immensely generous, forgiving, even sweet man who helped writers he admired, raised money for them, found them publishers and critical support, without any thought for himself. Yet the record is also one of selflessness in the other sense: his unceasing activity on behalf of people and causes seems to take place as though in the absence of a self. The biography gives the curious impression of there being nothing but the "vortex," an unappeased, abstract energy whirring on and on without a body to inhabit. Perhaps this is the result of Stock's scrupulous accumulation of tiny details. Yet the effect of the poetry is the same: a great deal of what Pound called "unstillness" but no inner life.

The biography is also oddly blank. Omar, Pound's son by his wife Dorothy, is shipped off just after birth to be brought up in England by his maternal grandparents. There is no mention of Pound's seeing him again until Omar reappears like a ghost at the Washington trial, twenty years later. Maria, Pound's daughter by his mistress, Olga Rudge, was similarly farmed out to an Italian peasant, although Pound and Olga did visit her infrequently as she grew up. Pound, Dorothy, and Olga seemed to have lived for a while *à trois*, yet there is no comment, no reaction. Events that would have been seismic in less esthetically devoted lives cause not a flicker on the Pound scale. Meanwhile, there is no pause in his activity on behalf of literature, monetary reform, and Fascism. The fact that Miss Rudge, a musician, urged on by Pound, was a prime mover in the rediscovery of Vivaldi seems more important to their relationship than their illegitimate daughter.

No doubt both Pound and Stock would say that all this is none of our damned business. And they would be right, were it not that the emotional texture of the verse is also invariably thin. During the past fifty years of his life Pound's work has developed not at

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all. Only the style has changed a little, becoming more extreme. Imagism, with its ideals of precision and succinctness, has given way to the ideogrammic method by which solid, vivid shards of perception are placed together so that meanings may flower between them. That, anyway, is the theory. The practice is more haphazard: anything that happened to come to hand or mind at the moment of writing was pitched into the poem, and became therefore important, although the only coherence the fragments had was in the poet's passing, private associations. The ideogram, in short, is an esthetic excuse for Pound's splintered, scattered world. So as *Canto* followed *Canto* there was no inner growth, no deepening of understanding and sensibility, only growing obsessions, growing didacticism, growing haphazardness, final disintegration.

When life finally took Pound by the scruff of the neck in those terrible weeks he spent, like an animal, in a barred cage in the Detention Center at Pisa, the poetry he produced seemed to be struggling against his mannerisms, against the impenetrable private references and smudged poetic shorthand. The *Pisan Cantos* contain some of his most beautiful writing since about 1920, but it is broken and far-off, like the sound of someone being tortured at the other end of a long corridor. Before this period of horror it seems as though his eccentricity, for which he had evolved a sophisticated poetic technique, were somehow being used deliberately to save him from the responsibilities of an inner life. Yet, when the anguish finally came, the only method he had of expressing it was that of eccentricity. It was not enough.

Since that time the work has become even more shattered. The academics, of course, have risen to the occasion with delight, since the *Cantos* are, if nothing else, a supreme challenge to their ingenuity. But Pound himself has called the work "botched," and Stock, who has a fair and loving eye for the good moments, agrees with him. In 1912 Pound wrote haughtily of those "who seem to think that a man can write a good long poem before he learns to write a good short one, or even before he learns to produce a good single line." Pound himself has written dozens of good short poems and hundreds of good single lines. But that, as it turned out, still did not qualify him to write the great long poem he aspired to. Perhaps, to have done so, it would also have been necessary to be a great man. Without that, as Stock demonstrates in his poker-faced but remorseless way, there is only the tragedy of a major talent frittered away by some insatiable inner perversity.

THE WORLD OF FLANNERY O'CONNOR

by Josephine Hendin

Indiana University Press, 177 pp., $5.75

Reviewed by Brom Weber

■ The long-suffering victim of an incurable disease, Flannery O'Connor died, aged thirty-eight, in 1964. Her death deprived American letters of a brilliant and potentially great writer. Many of the short stories in *A Good Man Is Hard to Find* (1955) and *Everything That Rises Must Converge* (1965) are stark masterpieces. Her novels—*Wise Blood* (1952) and *The Violent Bear It Away* (1960)—are less satisfactory, though remarkable enough for their vigorous, uncompromising obsession with the mysteries that in her view inexorably limited and doomed human existence.

Flannery O'Connor was by no means a speculative intellectual, as her expository prose in *Mystery and Manners* (1969) reveals. Pervasive mystery was explained for her by a dogmatic Catholicism; friends provided her with the theoretical skeleton of literary modernism. Being tough-minded and acutely aware of herself and her particular Southern milieu, however, O'Connor proved to be a supremely independent artist who generally overlooked her debts.

Thus, for example, she focused upon the language, behavior, and religious enthusiasm of fundamentalist Georgia Protestants instead of upon catechizing truths; she rejected the literary manipulations of time and perception practiced by James Joyce and William Faulkner, preferring instead a traditional narrative manner as concrete, unadorned, reticent, undeviating, and clear as that of young Ernest Hemingway in the early 1920s. Her tone is startlingly neutral, whether she presents an amoral, murdering redneck, a gracious, devouring middle-class mother, or a selfish Catholic girl; for, in O'Connor's world, all humans—even nuns and priests—are predestined misfits or freaks. Indeed, human life in that world, in society as well as in nature, tends to be as "nasty, brutish, and short" as the arch-pessimist Hobbes saw it long ago.

What the fictional world of Flannery O'Connor is in all its elements, and how it was shaped by and responded to the personal-cultural contexts in which the writer had her being, are delineated illuminatingly in this first book-length study by Josephine Hendin. Mrs. Hendin not only possesses an acute critical intelligence, but also the kind of knowledge and tact required to deal with so unique a writer

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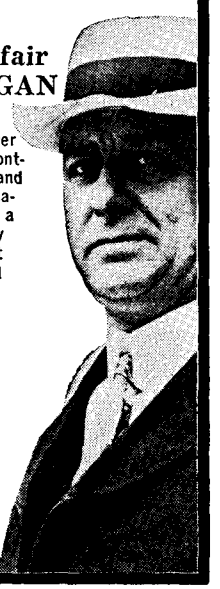

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as O'Connor. Too many critics, for example, have been content to elucidate general Catholic dogmas and patterns in O'Connor's works. Mrs. Hendin persuasively demonstrates that O'Connor's "peculiar Catholicism" involves a reductive view of man as a being bereft of historical sense, emotional sensibility, intellectual power, and transcendent aspiration. In effect, then, the critical imposition of "universal theological abstractions" violates the essential integrity of her achievement:

> O'Connor's heroes are neither human, nor symbolic, nor heroic in any traditional sense. On one level, they are projections of O'Connor's fantasies of revolt; on another they are heroes of our time. O'Connor made fiction out of their emptiness, tragedies out of the ice in their blood. She cut so deep into that ice that she reached the general American tragedy of living in cold blood. This is the tragedy of being totally incapable of tragedy, of pervasive emotional death, of minimal human involvement. In committing herself creatively to characters who have neither soul nor depth, O'Connor made poetry out of the surface of reality.

Although those remarks may seem to some to contract the magnitude of O'Connor's accomplishment, Josephine Hendin has in fact enlarged it. Thus it now becomes possible and necessary, as she proposes, to consider O'Connor's work "as a transition between the older forms of allegory and symbolism which describe a traditional, Christian universe of depth and significance and the newer objectivism whose most vocal advocates have been Alain Robbe-Grillet in France and Susan Sontag in the United States."

This transitional role, Mrs. Hendin emphasizes, distinguishes O'Connor from such Southern contemporaries as Faulkner and William Styron, who expansively romanticize and mythologize their region. Furthermore, the virtually insensate rage, violence, and murder that dominate O'Connor's pages shift her culturally out of a regional literary enclave into "the mainstream of the American consciousness," or, at least, that part of it which currently generates so much nihilistic action.

It is a tribute to Josephine Hendin that one finishes reading *The World of Flannery O'Connor* with the hope that her critical powers and her lucid style will be applied as impressively to writers of similar character, such as Nathanael West and John Hawkes.

Brom Weber is writing a book on the American novel of the 1960s.

A CERTAIN WORLD:
A Commonplace Book

by W. H. Auden

Viking, 438 pp., $10

Reviewed by Robert J. Clements

■ A commonplace book is a scrapbook of quotations. Poets, novelists, and essayists usually compile them for use in their own writing. The earlier ones, aiming at an inspirational and moral tone like that of Milton's commonplace book, tended toward dullness; the better examples of these scrapbooks try to avoid the commonplace. W.H. Auden's *A Certain World* makes up a special category. Working alphabetically from "Accidie" to "Writing," it combines topical quotations from other writers with a liberal sprinkling of the poet's own witty jottings.

Auden claims that his collection is "a sort of autobiography." He goes on to quote G. K. Chesterton:

> There is at the back of every artist's mind something like a pattern or a type of architecture. The original quality in any man of imagination is imagery. It is a thing like the landscape of his dreams; the sort of world he would like to make or in which he would wish to wander; the strange flora and fauna of his own secret planet; the sort of thing he likes to think about. This general atmosphere, and pattern or structure of growth, governs all his creations, however varied.

True, Auden's own entries are totally personal and afford the most intimate insights into his mind—an unpredictable mind that grants equal time to death and armpit odors. The variety of writers corresponds to the variety of topics. Although Auden's affection for minor poets is well known (he once wrote that "the major poet will write more bad poems than the minor"), the number of unfamiliar names is striking: Malcolm de Chazal, Mme. de Nino, Mrs. Florence Aadland, *et al.* And one is unsettled by his assertion that "the greatest long poem written in English in this century is *The Anathemata* by David Jones."

Many of the excerpts have a lively bite: "A Unitarian is a person who believes there is, at most, one God (A. N. Whitehead)." The sharpness extends to Auden's own occasionally iconoclastic literary comments: "Poets seem to be more generally successful at writing elegies than at any other literary genre. Indeed, the only elegy I know which seems to me a failure is [Shelley's] 'Adonais.'"

There are some curious believe-it-or-nots. Under "Anagrams" we learn that Galileo published his observations of the planet Saturn with the announcement "smaismrmilmepoetaleumibunenvgttaviras" (an anagram of the Latin for "I have observed that the farthest planet is a triplet"). But does it really matter that an anagram of Auden's name is "Why shun a nude tag"?

Although this potential reference work would have benefited from a glossary, the many topics under their unpredictable headings can be enjoyed as an end in themselves. Auden's own entries vie successfully with the quotations he has selected.

Finally, the book adjudicates a hitherto unresolved question. Is Auden (born 1907 in York) an English or an American poet? (When T. S. Eliot was asked which he considered himself, he replied, "Ask Auden. Whatever he is, I'm the other.") The cultural points of reference throughout this volume prove beyond doubt that Auden's "secret planet" is Anglocentric.

Robert J. Clements has just completed an anthology of world literature.

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MALTAVERNE

by François Mauriac, translated from the French by Jean Stewart

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 195 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Anna Balakian

■ Most of François Mauriac's French critics observed on the publication of this, his first novel in fifteen years, that he had remained faithful to his original vision, and had perhaps given his final synthesis of the pressures and penitences of a Catholic brought up among the landed gentry of the Bordeaux region. In a year, the book has sold more than 120,000 copies to French readers, who invested in another Mauriac as an art collector might buy another Picasso, marveling at the power of survival.

But I see in the last-born sibling of *Thérèse Desqueyroux* and *Le Mystère Frontenac* something more than a straight Catholic novel. Mauriac takes this time a mythological approach to his lifelong beliefs, and the usual themes of sin, revelation, retribution, and the power of expiation assume the proportions of a Kierkegaardian existentialism. The old clock has a new spring.

The adolescent protagonist, Alain, faces the absurdities of objective chance in the process of growing up from the age of seventeen to twenty-two in three painful stages, recorded in a diary intended for his mentor, Donzac. First, of course, he rebels against the closed circle of his background, and especially against his mother, whom he believes to be infected with "the microbe of the property disease." The second stage occurs when he tries to put into practice his social liberalism through fraternization with Simon, the intellectual son of the caretaker of the family property, and in an affair with a bookstore attendant, Marie, daughter of a tax collector. He even toys with the idea of marrying Marie, despite differences in age, rank, and sexual orientation. In an old-model Mauriac novel, Alain would have been unable to break away from his social structure; neither would he have been able to return to the fold. He would have gone off in the fog, hoping for some divine guidance to come to him on the crest of a wave or on the breath of the wind.

—Man Ray

François Mauriac—"the old clock has a new spring."

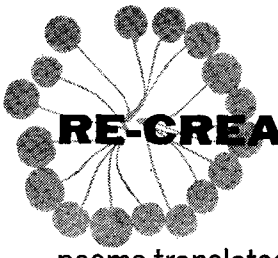
However, this is a novel of our time, and Alain's coming of age at twenty-two resembles that of Sartre's hero Mathieu at thirty-five in *L'Age de raison*. The third stage of the metamorphosis is triggered by a series of revelations. The little girl, disdainfully called the Louse, who has been earmarked as Alain's future bride, was precisely the one he could have loved, but he loses her by an absurd chance that throws her into the path of a brute who rapes and kills her at the very moment when Alain is realizing that he has fallen in love with her at first sight. Shortly thereafter he discovers that Mama was not the all-possessive demon that psychologically oriented prejudice would indicate. "Mother was being stripped day by day of all her certainties," and she was coming through admirably. Conversely, the intellectual capacity of Simon, the six-fingered proletarian, does not prove commensurate with his Gargantuan hand, as it should have if any social justice existed.

Naturally, Alain has to leave the scene of his disillusionments. He goes to Paris, heavy with a sense of his guilt for the disastrous but unintended role he has played in other people's lives. But, like a Sartre hero, he takes full responsibility for his sins, and if he searches for a god it is the god within rather than without. Burning all his bridges behind him, he surrenders himself to fortune; he makes an almost surrealistic contact with the mysteries of the streets of Paris, and at the end it is the same objective chance that beckons him.

Sartre once accused Mauriac of trying to play God in his novels by entering into the consciousness of several characters at once. Here Mauriac has learned the lesson of the new novel. He penetrates the mental process only of Alain, and shows how limited is man's comprehension of his own motivations.

This is an extraordinary autocriticism by a novelist who, at the age of eighty-three, can show with infinite subtlety the vulnerability of his own culture. He is no doubt sustained by the great asset of old age: total disengagement.

Anna Balakian is professor of French and comparative literature at New York University.



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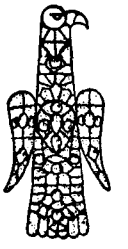

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THE VOYAGE OF THE FRANZ JOSEPH

by James Yaffe

Putnam, 448 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Adele Z. Silver

■ As prologue to his novel, James Yaffe quotes from Joseph Conrad's *The Nigger of the Narcissus:*

> . . . the ship, a fragment detached from the earth, went on lonely and swift like a small planet. . . . She had her own future; she was alive with the lives of those beings who trod her decks; like that earth which had given her up to the sea, she had an intolerable load of regrets and hopes . . . like the earth, she was unconscious, fair to see—and condemned by men to an ignoble fate. The august loneliness of her path lent dignity to the sordid inspiration of her pilgrimage.

Yaffe's ship is the *Franz Joseph*, a handsome, crisply run German luxury liner making its last transatlantic crossing in the summer of 1939, carrying 1,000 stunned Jewish refugees, and leaving behind hundreds of thousands for whom there was no hope. The Cuban government had promised to welcome the passengers (at $150 a head), but in Havana harbor the ship was refused entry. All the careful, expensive plans made by the American Jewish Defense Agency (AJDA) collapsed in a heap of Latin politics.

The *Franz Joseph* steamed on to New York and waited—ten miles out of port, to forestall any escape attempts or suicides in American waters—while the AJDA desperately negotiated with the American government. The Agency failed; the refugees were not welcome. Returning to Europe, the ship anchored off the French coast to wait while the AJDA embarked on one last series of frantic negotiations with European governments. The success of those talks was deceptive, though the passengers, unlike the reader, could not recognize that final cruel irony.

The suspense of a wandering ship with unwelcome human cargo is all the more gripping because it is true. Such a ship—the *St. Louis*—existed. James Yaffe takes its grim journey as the framework of his novel. He vividly imagines the men, women, and children confined to that "fragment detached from the earth" and the others on land, the Jews fighting to save the passengers.

Like Conrad's ship, Yaffe's carries an "intolerable load of regrets and hopes." Many of its passengers are German Jews who, through patriotism, snobbery, or simple-mindedness, had believed themselves exempt from Hitler's edicts. Throughout all the tragic maneuverings, some relish the nightly bingo game; others make hopeful plans; fathers and sons confront each other, comfort each other; and, in the end, all reveal themselves not as Jews but as ordinary human beings. Their very humanness, contrasted with the terrible fate they stuggle to escape, lends dignity to their lonely journey.

The true story is absorbing, powerful enough to need no embellishment by the author of its fictional counterpart. A good thing, too, since Yaffe is no Conrad; his style and language are commonplace. But his instincts are generous, and he knows a stirring story when he hears it. The saga of the *St. Louis* deserved retelling, and Mr. Yaffe has done it creditably, in a blockbuster novel that will have a wide and spellbound audience.

Adele Z. Silver first heard the story of the St. Louis from her husband, who saw it anchored off the French coast in the last days before war broke out in 1939.

"We'd like to lend you the money, but how do we know you just won't fly away?"

THE SLAVE POWER CONSPIRACY AND THE PARANOID STYLE

by David Brion Davis

Louisiana State University Press, 97 pp., $4

INDUSTRIAL SLAVERY IN THE OLD SOUTH

by Robert S. Starobin

Oxford University Press, 320 pp., $7.95

THE SOUTH REPORTS THE CIVIL WAR

by J. Cutler Andrews

Princeton University Press, 611 pp., $15

Reviewed by Frank Freidel

■ Apply the paranoid style in American politics to the issue of slavery, and the outcome is civil war, suggests David Brion Davis in his brilliant and thought-provoking Fleming Lectures delivered at Louisiana State University. How, then, is one to react? By blaming the exaggerated conspiratorial tones of both Northern and Southern leaders for the devastating fratricidal war? Or with gratitude that the rhetoric sufficiently aroused Northern consciences to bring an end to slavery?

Robert S. Starobin's calm, thorough investigation of slavery in Southern industry, and, to a lesser degree, J. Cutler Andrews's lively account of Southern war correspondence will help readers toward their own conclusions, and toward some thoughts about the crisis of the 1970s.

The conspiratorial or paranoid style of politics has been endemic in American history. Richard Hofstadter demonstrated its significance, especially during Senator Joseph McCarthy's heyday. Bernard Bailyn has shown that the colonists on the eve of the American Revolution believed they were victims of a British conspiracy, and that this notion, although farfetched, was in itself a political factor of prime consequence. It is useful, therefore, that David Brion Davis, author of a Pulitzer Prize-winning survey of slavery in the Western world, has examined these factors in the controversy between North and South from the 1830s into the 1860s.

There were those who viewed the so-called "slaveholders' conspiracy" in the most lurid light, linking it to every Presidential mishap from the attempted assassination of Jackson to the murder of Lincoln. Davis concerns himself not with these extremists but with those who took much the same attitude toward the Southern slaveowners as their forefathers had toward

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the British crown: "Both were conceived as aristocratic oligarchies which, having seized the mechanisms of government, slowly undermined free constitutions and implemented systematic plans to enslave the people."

Abolitionist orators and political leaders in the North gradually won a following as they expounded countless variations on the theme that not only slaves in the South but also white men in the North were entrapped by this oligarchy. Through its control of the federal government, the argument ran, the Southern leadership determined national policy and undermined the welfare and economy of the North. George W. Julian of Indiana, who was one of the organizers of the Republican Party, asserted: "They [the Southern leaders] lay their mesmeric hands upon the moral pulse of the nation, and it ceases to beat. Nothing that is earthly can stand before the dread authority of these men. They are the reigning lords and *masters* of the people, white and black."

More than that, the abolitionists pelted the benign image of plantation society with endless allegations of evil. Senator Charles Sumner, in an election speech at Faneuil Hall, Boston, in 1855, reduced this issue to two blunt questions: "Are you for Freedom, or are you for Slavery? . . . Are you for God, or are you for the Devil?"

Southern political leaders fought back with a mirror-image: a conspiracy on the part of the abolitionists. A former South Carolina congressman, William Drayton, warned in 1836 of the menace of abolitionist-fomented slave revolts. The abolitionists, he declared, were determined "to break up the foundations of the great deep of public order—to throw the whole organization of Southern society into chaos—light the torch of rapine and whet the knife of murder." Any American, he asserted, "who can, without alarm, witness the development of the *abolition conspiracy*, would scarcely be roused by the 'crack of doom.' "

Behind the oratory was the reality of slavery. The nature of that reality has often been debated in recent decades. Some historians have advanced the optimistic view that it could not long

have survived because it was seldom profitable on plantations and not transferable to industries. Others have suggested that in the cities, especially those in border states, slave artisans enjoyed relative freedom and opportunity, with the consequence that slavery might in time have atrophied and disappeared quietly.

Several historians have already proved both the profitability and the increasing repressiveness of plantation slavery. Now, in *Industrial Slavery in the Old South*, Starobin has erased the last remnant of optimism. Before the Civil War some 5 per cent of the slaves were working for industrial enterprises in the South. Because of dawn-to-dark or longer working hours, the heaviness of the tasks, and subsistence living conditions, their lot was even worse than that of plantation workers. What was more, the use of slaves in industry was so profitable that it was increasing. Some of the slaves were hired, but many were owned by the companies—the ultimate solution to labor-management problems.

There were few enterprises in which slaves were not employed. They labored on steamboats, and in sugar, rice, lumber, and textile mills. They were miners, fishermen, shoemakers, and iron puddlers. Most of them were unskilled or semi-skilled, but there were foremen and engineers among them, and even an architect and bridge-builder.

Since the expense of maintenance of the slaves was kept at a minimum, factory owners purchased or rented them in preference to paying wages, low though they were, to white workers. When the Tredegar Iron Works in Richmond turned to slave labor, it reduced the cost of producing rolled iron by 12 per cent.

Industrial slaves, in return for working sometimes as long as sixteen hours per day, received the cheapest food

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO 1405

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1405 will be found in the next issue.

IW QU UJOHQR, PQAW FPP

IWFCJPWUU HWXHPW. SXC

QRWFU RX TXJ KXGW SCXG

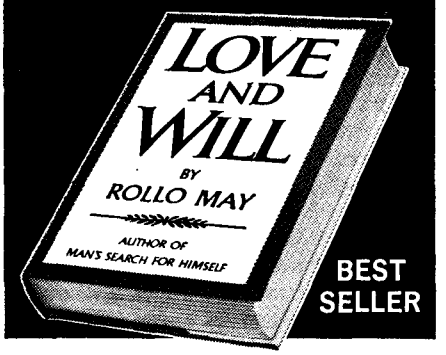
JIW IWFR LOJ SCXG JIW IWFCJ.

—IWQTCQKI IWQTW

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1404

. . . Few things can be more difficult to bear than the indigestion of the rich. —ERIC GILL.

Is it sex or love we need to know more about?



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rations, wretched housing, and, twice annually, a shirt, trousers, and a pair of shoes. They might receive payment or favors in return for extra work, but were more likely to be given several lashes if they were unruly or failed to meet quotas. One railroad regulated its slaves through "whipping with a long cowhide whip with the culprit's shirt on or off according to the severity desired."

Secession seemed to offer Southerners increased opportunities to develop slave-based industry. "Slave-owners were determined to industrialize the South under their own auspices exclusively," Starobin concludes. "They . . . opposed the creation not only of a slaveless industrial bourgeoisie independent of planter control, but also of a free industrial labor force. Had either of these two groups come into being, it might have challenged the slave-owners' domination of Southern society."

War came, and to slaveholders it was a struggle to defend their way of life. In his account of Southern military reporting of the Civil War, Andrews repeatedly quotes those who emphasized this as their war aim. To most of the Northern forces the war may have been one primarily to preserve the Union, but Andrews cites Confederates as referring to the Yankees again and again as the Abolitionist troops. In Southern eyes the North was beyond question pressing to destroy slavery. And out of it did come emancipation. The abolitionists did gain their goal.

The polarization and its consequences, Davis concludes, were in this instance worth their social costs:

> . . . the image of the Slave Power was a necessary means for arousing the fears and galvanizing the will of the North to face a genuine moral and political challenge. There is something almost providential in the way that the paranoid style, for all its irrationality, finally enabled significant numbers of Americans to perceive the evil of an institution which had long been intertwined with the promise of American life. . . .
>
> But the Slave Power image was also associated with certain dangerous assumptions which have by no means disappeared from American thought. . . . First, our champions of freedom have shared the Yankee's easy confidence that if he were once transported to the center of despotism, he could open the souls and minds of people to regenerative truth. . . . A second assumption . . . was that there could be no peaceful coexistence with the Antichrist. . . . The only alternative to the Yankee's civilization was annihilation.

Frank Freidel is a professor of political history at Harvard University.

Banality of Revolt

Continued from page 26

imperialist and antiwar talk "which has prevailed to some extent at Harvard College and elsewhere."

In August 1917, the *New York Herald* reported that "in New York City ninety out of the first hundred draftees claimed exemption." The War Department listed 337,649 draft evaders in World War I. The antiwar Socialist Party secured its largest vote in history in many cities in the 1917 municipal elections. And Hacker, himself, points out (as evidence of decline of morale) that even in World War II "only a third of our fifteen million servicemen and women entered as volunteers." Clearly, willingness to take part in military service or popular support of wars do not hold up as statistical indicators of the dissolution of American cohesion. We have always thrust forth a large antiwar contingent, even for wars that have had much better justifications than the present one.

The Braden thesis that technology has produced a qualitatively new tension between humanism and technology also may be challenged. There can be little doubt that greater knowledge, technology, and numbers of people inevitably have resulted in more differentiation, increased specialization. It is harder now to understand the workings of society and to try to affect its basic policies. But an over-all evaluation of the potential of technology requires a more serious work than *The Age of Aquarius*, one that would intensively investigate the concomitants of different specific technologies under varying conditions. The chaotic intellectual potpourri presented by Mr. Braden simply makes the reader aware that a lot of educated people think there are difficulties; it does not advance the analysis. I must recommend the men whose thought Mr. Braden tries to summarize, not him. The technology of book production has not in this case provided a substitute for the hard work of reading for one's self.

To sum up, perhaps the greatest weakness in these two books, as well as in many others that seek to analyze "the revolution of our times," is their ahistoricism, their exaggeration of the uniqueness of the contemporary. History, fortunately or not, operates cyclically as well as secularly. Culture styles, political trends, intellectual orientations have a tendency to be self-exhausting. As they move toward extremes they produce counter-reactions.

Landings in Ancient America

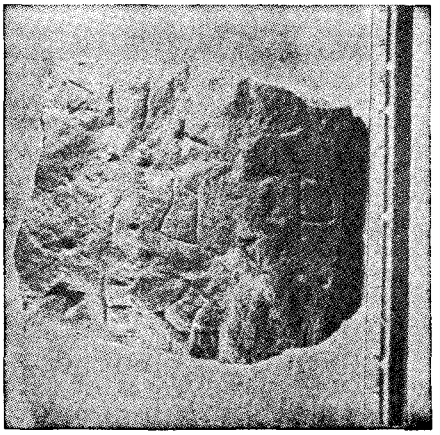
Continued from page 19

lubbers; but the Bible tells us that . . . three of the tribes (Dan, Asher, and Zebulun) were nautical (Genesis 49:13; Judges 5:17). . . ." Hebrews may have been in the Brazilian expedition, Gordon wrote, but that "cannot as yet be proved" from the inscription. The Canaanite speech-community embraced both Yahwists and Baalists. The text mentions Baal but not Yahweh.

What kinds of ships these ancient mariners used in sailing from the land of Canaan to America is still a mystery. Many passages in the Bible suggest that the cedars of Lebanon were always sought for long voyages by the Hebrews and the peoples they traded with. Thor Heyerdahl persists in believing that trips across the Atlantic could have been accomplished—either by accident or by design—in boats made of reeds.

Last year Heyerdahl constructed, behind the pyramids of Giza in Egypt, a reed basket shaped like a swan just under 50 feet long and just over 16 feet wide, with a bottom 4.5 feet thick. In May 1969 he sailed in this craft from the Atlantic port of Safi in Morocco with a crew of seven men from as many different nations. Because of faults in the design, the reed boat—which had been christened *Ra* after the Egyptian sun god—had to be abandoned after traveling 2,700 miles and within a week's sail of Barbados.

Still convinced that his theories are correct, Heyerdahl this year built a somewhat shorter reed boat in the courtyard of Taib Amara, the Pasha of Safi. Heyerdahl set sail in it on May 17, again with an international crew under the United Nations' flag, with the expectation of reaching Yucatán before the end of summer.



Cast of the Metcalf Stone bears many symbols comparable to Minoan characters (see p. 18).

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World of Dance

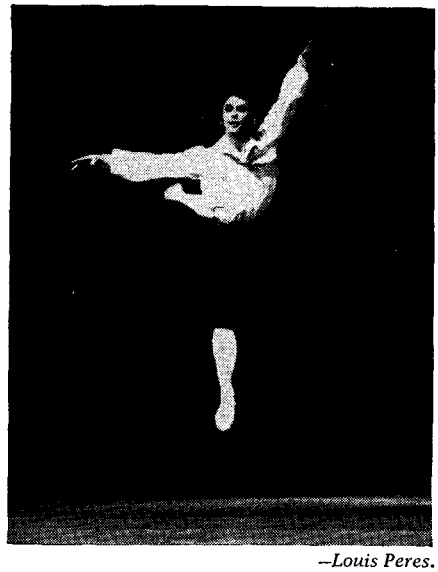
Walter Terry

American Ballet Theatre: Part I

SHOWERS OF FLOWERS descending from balconies and boxes graced the stage when the glorious Carla Fracci took her curtain calls. Flowers, bouquets, and the traditional laurels have also been earned by the American Ballet Theatre itself, celebrating its thirtieth birthday in a four-week season at the New York State Theater. True, the engagement didn't quite get off to a flying start—the repertory was huge and varied, and the dancers, although valiant, seemed tired—but after a few performances they too were flying exuberantly.

Fracci, permanent guest artist with ABT, performed without her costar Erik Bruhn (also of permanent guest status and long associated with this company), for he, after a few rehearsals, was forced to return to Denmark for treatment of a painful back injury. ABT's own *danseur noble,* Royes Fernandez, partnered Fracci elegantly in *La Sylphide,* and the Hungarian defector Ivan Nagy danced with her in both *Giselle* and the *Flower Festival* "Pas de Deux." (Fracci is one of the truly great Giselles of our era, but the *brio Flower Festival* is not a good vehicle for her.) Nagy, with Fracci, with Cynthia Gregory, or with other ballerinas, moved up into the top echelon of today's dancers as a true *premier danseur noble,* as a star.

The repertory for the season included not only such great classics as *Giselle, La Sylphide,* and *Swan Lake,* which the company does to perfection, but important revivals, works by young choreographers, and even pure modern dance theater pieces. The two modern dances, *The Moor's Pavane,* based on the *Othello* theme, and *The Traitor,* the Judas character, were both created by José Limón for his own company some years ago. ABT danced them beautifully. Bruce Marks, who began his career as a modern dancer and has turned into an admirable classicist, was superb in the Limón roles of Othello and Judas. I was fascinated to see his entire body change its stance from the verticality of ballet to the spinal felinity of modern dance while retaining the actor's eloquence (his balletic Hilarion in *Giselle* and his Othello in modern are equally masterful). Toni Lander (Mrs. Marks), a classical ballerina of great virtuosity, was a most touching Desdemona. Sallie Wilson, heiress to Nora Kaye as a dramatic ballerina, was splendid as Iago's wife, and Fernandez was not only a first-class Iago but excellent as the Christ-figure in *Traitor.* Remember when ballet and modern dance were worlds apart? No longer.



—Louis Peres.

Ivan Nagy—"a true 'premier danseur noble' . . . a star."

The company's two impressive revivals were *Petrouchka* and *Gaieté Parisienne.* The former was actually staged by the late Fokine himself for ABT, and the current production is the most lavish I have ever seen, with the Benois designs and the Stravinsky music starring. Dimitri Romanoff and Yurek Lazowsky restored its choreography, but I think someone from the Royal Danish Ballet (the Danes do a better *Petrouchka* than anyone) should coach the principals in acting the title role and those of the Dancer and the Blackamoor. But if this *Petrouchka* does not stir the fluttering humanity underneath the puppet exteriors, it does offer the most stunning *Petrouchka* to be seen anywhere.

Gaieté, with its irresistible Offenbach airs, is major minor-Massine, if you follow me. The figures may be cardboard, but they are romantic, sweet, funny, escapist. The ABT did a bang-up job of restoration. Wisely, they engaged Alexandra Danilova, an immortal in the role of the Glove-Seller; Eugenia Delarova (the Flower Girl); and Leon Danielian (the Peruvian) to coach the current generation. The results paid off handsomely. I think of all the contemporary major American ballet companies only ABT could pull off this period piece. In a ballet day when speed and steps of increasing intricacies prevail, Mme. Delarova said, "Now, dancers move so fast with so many steps, is no time to express. In old Ballet Russe, I used to say to Freddie [Frederic Franklin] before we go onstage, 'Freddie, we eat up scenery, we knock down scenery, we poosh over scenery, we tear place apart.' No, sometimes today dancers forget to perform." ABT dancers did not. Michael Smuin was a marvelous Peruvian; and the wispy Mimi Paul, erstwhile of the virginal New York City Ballet, turned quite womanly as the wanton but aristocratic Glove-Seller.

Miss Paul did far less well with her first try at *Giselle.* On her entrance she already appeared to be demented, so that the later "Mad Scene" came as an anticlimax. As for her technical range, she did less at twenty-six than Alicia Markova, the great Giselle of the recent past, did at fifty. Miss Paul needs a spanking and to learn some discipline.

Another New York City Ballet transfer, John Prinz, also needs some discipline. As the Bridegroom in Jerome Robbins's great *Les Noces,* he lacked the dynamic force that must be felt if not seen—and he did the amateur's thing of correcting a stance on stage, which is as naughty as if an opera star said, "Whoops, I didn't mean that note. Here's the right one." In Antony Tudor's *Lilac Garden* (and highlights of the engagement included stunning performances of Tudor masterpieces), Prinz was handsome but dramatically inept as the young lover. Fracci, as the heroine, never caught the Tudor style, the reserve with undercurrents of feeling, but her Latin-mood interpretation had its own honesty and effectiveness.

Miss Gregory, who may well become America's leading ballerina, continued to vouchsafe dancing of the highest technical accomplishment—all she needs now is to unbank the creative, interpretive fires that lie within.

I should also like to jump from star to corps and point out the striking development of James Zynda—he gives a stunning cameo portrayal in *Gaieté* and in other ballets—who is surely deserving of soloist rank. So too, among others, is Karena Brock, who has earned a merit badge for her *renversés* (almost no one else but Dame Margot Fonteyn does this difficult and gorgeous step correctly) as one of the swan "corporals" in *Swan Lake.*

But more on these artists and others —the virtuosic Lupe Serrano and Ted Kivitt; upcoming Terry Orr, Dennis Nahat, Keith Lee, and the heavenly Susan Casey—and more on the ballets themselves in a second installment about the thirtieth anniversary of a great dance company.

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Booked for Travel

Horace Sutton

Paris When It Sizzles

THE VOLUPTUOUS SEASON has come to Paris, sensuous, hot, leafy, drizzly, and alive with the last spin of the wheel before everyone leaves town and bequeaths the city to the tourists. Those elegant little food shops along the Rue Marbeuf are displaying bountiful baskets of raspberries and *fraises de bois* and those tiny melons from Cavaillon in the lower Rhone Valley that the restaurants serve whole with a sea of port wine swishing around inside. The young girls are wearing the midi with dash and assurance, but it is part of a whole look—boots, full and frilly blouse, hair piled up in a Lautrec Moulin-de-la-Galette style—that is far more creative than merely letting out the old skirts. Curiously, at least from an American point of view, there is also an occasional passing example of the gypsy look, fussy, printed, and very long, as well as other shapeless sheaths —super midis—that drop clear to the pavement, missionary muumuu style.

There is little evidence of the micro-mini, as it is called here, especially as one sees it in America or in London. An American friend, perceptive in such matters, has reminded me, as we sat over croissants and coffee at a dime-sized table on the Champs Elysées one recent morning, that Paris is no longer that risqué city of other days. Its new Puritanism, which some say is a souvenir left by Mme. de Gaulle, is evident not only in the modest length of the few minis that are being worn here, but also in the choice of films. One sees little evidence on the marquees of all that flesh and sex that is playing in America on both stage and screen. And against the offerings in the bars along San Francisco's North Beach, the traditional bare bosoms of the Lido show, that once evoked a gasp among visiting Americans, seem now about as racy as the Venus de Milo. There are surely as many streetwalkers in mid-Manhattan nowadays as ever encamped in the doorways of Pigalle or patrolled the Champs in the seamy days following World War II. If other cities have become more libertinous, Paris in comparison has moved eons away from its reputation when "feelthy peecture" cartoons would evoke a sly smile from those visitors of the Twenties and Thirties who had inhaled the city's musky aromas.

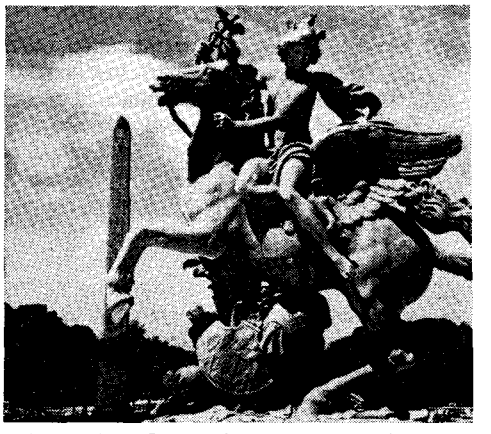
None of which is to say that Paris has lost any of its style. One has only to take a casual walk in the back streets of the Chaillot, down the Avenue George V, along the Rue Pierre Charron, up François Ier to the splendid Avenue Montaigne and down to the Place de l'Alma for a Suze at a café to reaffirm one's classic notion that Paris remains the most stylish metropolis on the planet.

So far the skyscrapers have not shown up in the center of town, and as long as one stays in the middle of the traditional city there are no piles of glass and chrome to jar the skyline. On the other hand, I found myself gazing with that take-a-last-look reverence that one reserves for departing loved ones one may never see again, at those palaces that run the rim of the Rond Point of the Champs Elysées, providing an elegant home for *Figaro* and *Jours de France*, among other tenants. The speculation persists that, having been spared last year in a photo-finish reprieve, they will succumb finally to the wrecker's ball and be replaced by some towers more representative of Gallic power. What that will do to that fabled view through the Petit Arch of Triumph in the Carrousel across the Tuileries to the Obelisk at the Place de la Concorde and up the Champs to the Arch of Triumph, standing like the other parenthesis on the Etoile, one can scarcely anticipate. There is no option save to hope for the best and expect the worst.

The Tuileries, these summer nights, have been transformed into a fey spectacle called the Féerie des Tuileries with blue lights flashing in the trees, lawns decorated with statues of Apollo and Daphne suddenly erupting in light, and a giant spectacle of fountains, fireworks, and lights all playing several times nightly in the Bassin Octagonal, where in quieter times small boys sail boats in the winds blowing offshore from the Rue de Rivoli. When the final note of the fortissimo finish has died away and the last star shell has slipped silently into the lake, an imaginative split-screen slide film on the French Impressionists lights up on an enormous outdoor screen. The softness of ballet music wafts out of the trees to accompany the displayed works of Degas, and eight panels divide their attention between Gauguin's paintings, photographs of him and of Tahiti today. Then, off in another corner, near the Carrousel, a three-panel screen tells the story of the Tuileries from 1525, when François Ier built his stables there, through the work of Le Nôtre, the king's gardener under Louis XIV who created the gardens, the fountains, and the Grande Allée.

The whole fairyland spectacle, which will run to the edge of October, perhaps has its origins in the works of Charles Perrault, a fairy-tale writer who petitioned the king's ministers to open the park to the public. It was an angrier public that stormed the Tuileries in 1792, attacking the palace and forcing Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI to scurry to the Legislative Assembly at the Rue de Rivoli and the Castiglione, where the Hotel Inter-Continental stands now. Even the walls of the park facing the Rue de Rivoli are hung with plaques that mark the youngsters who fell here in the last storming of the Tuileries in August 1944.

The other long-playing summer run in Paris is a giant Matisse exhibit, which has been hung with great artfulness in the refashioned salons of that old Belle Epoque glass cage, the Grand Palais, a leftover from the Exhibition of 1900. (One Hundred Years of Lenin is on display in another part of the hall.) The Matisse exhibit, which includes his works for Sergei Shchukin held by the Hermitage in Leningrad, opens, tantalizingly enough, with a scattering of photographs—some by Cartier-Bresson—that show La Rève, the Matisse villa at Vence, palms outside the window; Matisse in a dismal scene on a sooty rooftop in New York; Matisse rowing on Lake Annecy; posing in an African helmet with a lei for a hatband while on an excursion to Tahiti in 1930. For nostalgia there are posters from his exhibit at the Maison de la Pensée in the autumn of 1950 and for his exhibit at the Tate Gallery in 1953, the year before he died.



Place de la Concorde—"fabled view."

His earliest *fin-de-siècle* paintings are quiet enough, but the first burst of color comes on like a dropped cymbal in the "Pont Saint Michel" in 1900. An ever-present infatuation with the palmlands runs like a recurrent theme through his works—the *Open Window*

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at Tangier in 1913 and the quiet and almost lonely *Bay at Nice* (1917) to mention two examples. In mid-war, 1943, Matisse retired to Vence, but the decorative work done in those last years is a pure burst of joy, from the tiles inlaid in white plaster of *Les Acanthes* to the maquettes for the stained glass windows he did for the chapel of the Dominican nuns in Vence. He considered the chapel his masterpiece, an evaluation no Matisse partisan who has seen it can deny.

If anything the Matisse show seems to be in tune with the unalloyed lushness of Paris that lies outside the Grand Palais. There, as if planted by the tourist bureau, were the traditional lovers sitting on a shaded bench vis-à-vis, hands on each other's shoulders. A conflagration of red roses flickered in the flower beds of the gardens. One could walk under the green canopy of the trees that seemed so extraordinarily rich and full—was it a euphoria inspired by Matisse?—where a cluster of Parisians waited for Brittany crêpes bubbling on an enormous round griddle. The cook's husband sat in the corner, unmindful of the crowd or, presumably, of the tantalizing odors, reading James Joyce.

I am persuaded that *tout Paris* needs a little sustenance—a Brittany crêpe will do—in the afternoon since the fashionable dinner hour seems to be receding into the dim darknesses of night so popular in Madrid. The first booking the concierge was able to get at a place of surely transient popularity on the Ile Saint Louis called L'Orangerie, was 10:15, an hour that didn't seem to faze my Parisian companions as much as it unnerved me. I found the premises antique-y, soft with candles and roses, and decorator-elegant. The cuisine followed in similar style—huge slabs of toasted bread, creamy herb dips and vinaigrette sauce, and a giant basket stuffed with wedges of red cabbage, bunches of white-tipped red radishes, fennel, huge peeled mushrooms and whatever else is growing in France. There is a choice of beef or lamb or chicken after that, and a parade of cheeses, a mousse, and small coffee. It is all *prix fixe* at a flat $11 per person, less the wine.

The same general air, if anything more distilled, hangs over a restored Latin Quarter baguette called simply L'Hôtel. A fleabag named the Hôtel d'Alsace, which retained a faint thread of notoriety because Oscar Wilde died there (in Room 16), the place was redone from cellar to penthouse in 1968. Air-conditioned, paved with half the marble of Carrara, swimming in antiques, its phone booths' walls swathed in tapestry, its tiny bar padded with velvet banquettes set among the old stone walls of the basement, it is, to the end of its last tassel, the quintessence of a style I think of as Decorator Precious. Of all things, it is the handiwork of a Texan called Robin Westbrook, who, with his French partners, installed a Mistinguette Room ($50 a day) complete with mirrors on the bedstead and a white fur throw on the bed. A huge apartment on the roof, with its own flowered terrace and kitchenette and marble bath, is $80 a day, but small and chic quarters with less real estate and a lesser view are available for two as low as $30 a day.

The summer dining room, I had better tell you, is done up with stone elephants, a caged monkey, loose and live ducks, cages of white doves, a fountain splashing into a giant clam shell, and cane chairs padded with kidskin cushions. A partner in the enterprise is at table for every meal, and the hotel changes its flowers every Tuesday and Friday whether they need it or not.

While neither of these establishments might catch the fancy of a visiting hardhat, Au Pied de Cochon in the heart of Les Halles surely will. Although the market itself has moved out into the faubourgs near Orly, some of the abattoirs remain, at least enough to send butchers in bloody white coats and caps into the surrounding watering holes in search of company and a Kronenburg. They belly up to the bar and join white-collar types of similar persuasion in loud and bawdy song. Besides throaty ballads the air was filled, the night I was there, with the piquant perfume of garlicky snails. It lay over the place like sliceable smog and tugged at the tear ducts like riot gas. Suckling pig and pig's feet, stuffed and truffled, as well, of course, as onion soup, supply the management with singular renown. Still, there is something of a sadness, the bright lights of Au Pied de Cochon aside, to emerge in the night and find the market black as an empty socket, those gorgeous baskets of vegetables like some magnificent corsage for giants moved to other purlieus. The customers at the restaurant seemed then like last-ditch, leftover members of the wedding who had found a friendly corner to belt a few and tell a few, long after the bridal party had departed and the lights had gone out in the main hall.

There was surely no air of sadness about La Truffière, whither I was conveyed one lunchtime. Its bright stone cellar rang with talk no less hearty than the bill of fare—foie gras truffé à la gelée de porto, cassoulet Sarladais, salade à l'huile de noix, a local goat cheese called *cabecous*, pastry, and an unending flow of the wine of Cahors all for forty francs. The management, late of Sarlat in the Périgord, have brought the rich truffled cuisine of that French corner to the fifth arrondissement, where it is offered in *prix-fixe* table d'hôte fashion. Freewheelers can stomp straight through an à la carte menu, however, presuming a loan can be arranged, where they will find *confit d'oie, la truffe au champagne*, and other specialties, all at about $8 per serving.

I came to France lighter than I left, as any casual reader might deduce, both voyages having been undertaken aboard an Air France 747. I journeyed eastbound in steerage, westbound in first class, and I am here to testify that first class is more comfortable. On the other hand, there seemed to be an ample amount of room eastbound, at least enough in which to render myself unconscious for a few hours before that outsized bird put down at Orly. The airport there is ready for jumbo jets, or at least it meets the big planes with a telescoping gangway straight to planeside, depositing passengers on a moving sidewalk that conveys them to the old terminal. There, perhaps, is the rub, for the giant planeloads are just dumped on the ordinary baggage and clearance facilities of the general airport. Of course, New York has no new facilities ready yet, and the night we arrived, after circling over the more interesting parts of Long Island for an hour, we made our landing, only to be abandoned in the flats of JFK for another forty minutes until some clod remembered we were there and found space for us to park. At that, all we did was move in position so somebody could run up a gangway and bring up a bus to transfer the passengers to civilization.

The first-class meal was highly acceptable, if not distinguishd, and it relieved the boredom to be able to walk to the exquisite lounge upstairs, which Air France has had fitted out as a purple and brown bar where the champagne waits always in the chilling bucket, napery around the neck of the bottle. A white-jacketed steward is in constant care of the thirsty.

The tourist-class meal was more memorable because the hostesses were able to deposit on one tray a *tranche* of excellent pâté, a bowl of *crudités*, a hot steak, a plastic bottle of mineral water, and an equally plastic bottle of Beaujolais shaped and tinted just like the real ones. Indeed, I have never seen such a collection of packaged condiments and sauces, tools and impedimenta for managing an elaborate meal in close quarters, and I came away with the feeling that I was an astronaut, albeit heading at 640 miles an hour, for the lobby of the Hotel George V, a terrain already heavily explored by my countrymen.

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As Others See Us

MONTREAL:

Cambodian Atrocities

THE ANCIENT HOSTILITY of the Khmer people, who inhabit what is now Cambodia, for the Annamese of Vietnam cuts far across the ideological lines of the Indochina peninsula. It illustrates the perils of any non-Asians, in this instance Americans, attempting to intervene in conflicts that cannot be written off in simple terms. Cambodia, under Prince Sihanouk, was regarded as hostile to Washington-Saigon interests, because it attempted to maintain a neutral position. Sihanouk also, in the process, kept Cambodians from tying together the hands of Vietnamese civilians, slaughtering them, and dumping their bodies into the Mekong River. . . .

Obviously, the United States is not a party to the Cambodian atrocities. But it is involved in an endlessly complex drama embracing Laos as well as Cambodia and Vietnam. Recently, the Soviet Union joined France in suggesting a new Geneva conference to examine possible answers for the whole of Indochina. Washington has not closed the door on such negotiations. But it has yet to demonstrate enthusiasm for talks that might well result in the kind of self-determination that would work against the repressive governments of Saigon and Pnompenh.

—*The Montreal Star.*

LONDON:

His Position Looks Stronger

THE AMERICANS and the South Vietnamese can already chalk up some useful tactical gains. They have pushed the Vietnamese Communists out of some of their border sanctuaries, easing the pressure on South Vietnam. They have broken up the other side's supply lines, and seized large amounts of arms and ammunition, even though the best modern weapons got away. They have kept a friendly government in Pnompenh in being for a little longer. And they have made it look safer to bring American soldiers home from the war according to Mr. Nixon's schedule. . . .

Mr. Nixon has been accused of reopening an old wound in American society. It is true that his Cambodia decision caused dissent within the administration and more bitterness in the Senate. It also gave a somnolent antiwar movement an enlivening shot in the arm. But Mr. Nixon's own position looks stronger today than it did on the eve of the Cambodia operation. . . . It looks as if Mr. Nixon has weathered the windiest part of his domestic storm.

—*The Economist.*

MANCHESTER:

More Comfortable Feeling

NO DOUBT the conservative Nixon administration may feel more comfortable in its relations with a British government of somewhat similar political hue. No one in Washington is unwise enough to affirm this. And indeed it has been recognized that Mr. Wilson had taken considerable pains to consult the U.S. administration and to refrain from criticizing American policies of which he did not approve—notably over the war in Vietnam. Of course, by and large, socialists are no longer regarded in Washington, as they were a quarter of a century ago, as cloven-footed Marxists.

Mr. Wilson is far better known in Washington than is Mr. Heath, though his relations with President Johnson were closer than those with President Nixon—as whose weren't! The new Prime Minister did, however, dine at the White House with Mr. Nixon when he visited Washington briefly just over a year ago.

The change of government in Britain is not expected to lead to major changes of foreign policy. The British attitude on Vietnam is expected to remain the same. Mr. Heath is regarded as just as committed as Mr. Wilson to Britain's entry into the Common Market, and Washington still, though passively, supports such a development.

—*The Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

PARIS:

Audience Level

SIX MONTHS after opening night, *Che!* is still playing to audiences of about fifteen persons.

Are Americans at the point of complexity where they are incapable of adult, natural relationships between men and women? Do they have a choice only between personal trauma and group exhibitionism?

The U.S. court was right in allowing the show to go on and in not making a big issue out of it. It wasn't worth it. The audience for which it was intended was neither the politicized milieu of the Village, which could not accept this defiled image of its hero [Che Guevara], nor the "Uptown" audience, which isn't in the habit of bringing its friends to such crass spectacles. Kenneth Tynan has offered them a commercial distraction, at their own level, in *Oh! Calcutta!*

—*Franck Jotterand, Le Figaro Littéraire.*

BUENOS AIRES:

U.S. Labor and the War

AMERICAN WORKERS are far from adopting the pacifist attitudes espoused by some students and particularly the hippies in the United States. No matter how painful the defense of the American way of life, these workers will not allow themselves to be seduced by the slogans circulated by the small groups of agitators who never show their real faces. This was evidenced by the recent union demonstrations in New York supporting the Nixon concept of law and order.

American labor apparently does not want to change the present order of security and liberty with which it feels sincerely satisfied. The demonstrators own their own homes and cars, dress and eat well, give their children the best education, and avail themselves of all the modern conveniences at home. Social Security guarantees comfortable retirement, and they are assured necessary medical benefits. Salaries are quite adequate. The plumber in New Jersey gets $10 per hour. . . .

It is natural, therefore, that not only labor but Americans in general should react this way to pacifists.

—*La Prensa.*

PEKING:

The "Nixon Doctrine"

INSTIGATED by U.S. imperialism, the Thanom-Praphas puppet clique of Thailand has flagrantly decided to invade Cambodia by sending its troops into that country. This is another towering crime committed by the Thai reactionaries against the Cambodian people. It is a towering crime against the Thai people as well.

One important tactic with which U.S. imperialism pushes the "Nixon Doctrine" in Asia is to "use Asians to fight Asians." The direct armed invasion of Cambodia by U.S. imperialism is in itself a complete exposure of the vicious nature of this so-called Nixon Doctrine. Under the hammer blows of the Cambodian people and other Indochinese peoples fighting in unity, the U.S. aggressor troops have met with crushing defeat and the Lon Nol-Sirik Matak puppet clique, which they have tried to prop up, is tottering. In these cir-

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cumstances, however, the Nixon government, unreconciled to its defeat, is pushing further ahead its criminal scheme of using Asians to fight Asians. It is getting its Thai and other lackeys to muster additional cannon fodder. This is a clear demonstration of the predicament of the U.S. aggressors.

—Peking Review.

ROME:

A New Balance of World Power

PRESIDENT NIXON WAS FACED with a choice between letting Cambodia become a base for North Vietnamese and Vietcong action, or extending American intervention, which he chose to present as a confirmation rather than a contradiction of his announced purpose. . . . The situation is such that a compromise peace is impossible. This does not mean that the whole Indochinese peninsula must fall to Hanoi or Peking. The future balance of power may be more complex and unpredictable. But its fate must be resolved on the spot and in the shadow of China. As Peking's first satellite carried the message that "Asia is Red," Washington cannot but accept the reality of the situation. Five thousand American parachute troopers cannot change it. All they can do is cause thousands or tens of thousands of deaths, while a new balance of world power, inevitable and hence necessary, knocks at the door.

—L'Espresso.

PRAGUE:

Grateful to America

IN EXCHANGING charges and countercharges with the U.S. Embassy in Prague over the bombing of Plzen by the Americans on April 25, 1945, when U.S. airplanes tried to destroy the Skoda plants (major suppliers of the Nazi war machine) Josef Vlcek, editor of the Czechoslovak *TV Newsreel*, said: "Our people value deeply the sacrifices made by the American people in the war against Nazi Germany, particularly the sacrifice of those American soldiers who gave their lives in Czechoslovakia for the liberation of our territory. Let there be no doubt about this. Our people deeply wish to live in peace and friendship with the American people and, in cooperation with them, to build a better and happier world without wars. I am convinced that the people of the United States also cherish these aspirations. However, their implementation is not aided by the distortion of historical experience and facts."

—Rude Pravo.

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

"Threat from China"

IN YOUR LEADING ARTICLE just before the election you listed among the important subjects that had not been discussed in the campaign "the threat from China." Now that a new government will—one hopes—be looking afresh at British policy, may I ask you to reconsider, for a start, the bases and implications of your phrase.

"The threat from China"—to whom? To what? Is it British interests you fear for, when Britain's exports to China are higher than they have ever been, and when Hong Kong is peacefully booming? Is it the United States, whose forces are in action on China's threshold and based [in Taiwan] on Chinese territory? . . .

It is the threat *to China* that should be concerning us, and the danger of a war reaching from Central Asia to the Pacific seaboard, into which the spreading Indochina War would probably merge.

—Neville Maxwell, The Times, London.

For Love or Profit?

AS A PHYSICALLY, emotionally, and financially starved full-time working spinster, may I say to the Mrs. O'Rourkes of this country [who are lamenting the situation of *"The Unpaid Wife"*]—count your blessings. It is much better to be kept by work for someone who loves you than by work for someone who thinks of you in terms of profit.

—Underpaid Spinster, The Observer, London.

Canada and the U.S.A.

I READ YOUR anti-Vietnam editorial with indignation rising finally to anger. The United States is at the present time the only potent agency on this planet for the protection of political liberty and human freedom. Australia has definitely shown its appreciation of this fact, and if there be individuals in Canada so obtuse as not to recognize it, I suggest that the best they can do is to follow the example of a couple of biblical characters and pass by on the other side when an attempt is being made to stem international brigandage at the request of its victims.

—Irving S. Fairty, Q.C., The Globe & Mail, Toronto.

Against American Invasion

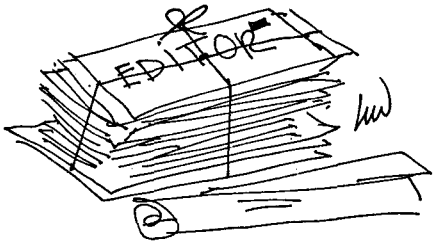
LET'S NOT OVERLOOK the U.S. population invasion. About 15 per cent of Ontario's vacation land is already owned by Americans. In Nova Scotia, one U.S. woman owns eleven miles of ocean front and 5,000 acres; another owns 970 acres; another 201 acres. Why do they come here? To escape the noise, the pollution, the civil strife, the unsafe streets, and all the other turmoil that they helped create and now irresponsibly leave, bringing the same old prejudices and attitudes up here to remake Canada into a facsimile of the United States. Do we have to be squatters in our own land?

No, I'm not xenophobic—just sane. Let's burn a swath of land on our side of the border, too, and let us maintain it until the Americans have cleaned up their air and waters. Let's make a citadel in Canada and begin to ration out our resources to the United States, just enough to live on, just enough to prevent their obscene ritual of planned obsolescence, just enough to put a brake on their stupid little wars, to restrain their greed.

—J. Lehman, Toronto Daily Star.

Saigon Regime's Unpopularity

IT WAS EITHER George Ball or McGeorge Bundy who said in 1964 that his country was not going to accept a shaming, humiliating defeat. President Nixon speaks today in much the same terms. Although the stated U.S. war aim is freedom of



choice for the South Vietnamese people, it is not possible that the administration is ignorant of the Saigon regime's unpopularity, while the original charges of "communist aggression" are as hypocritical and ill-founded as the communist denunciations you rightly dismiss in your leading article.

—Mrs. Phyllis Cornell, The Manchester Guardian Weekly.

One Government

THE RECENT ELECTION in the province of Quebec strongly suggests the need of a world federal government.

It seems to me quite natural that anarchy will continue to gain momentum at the personal, local, provincial, and national levels, in proportion to the absence of federalism at the international level.

It no longer makes sense to say, "Anarchy is good between nations and no good within nations."

Neither federalist, anarchist, nor communist can have peace without some laws applicable to all nations and enforceable by all nations.

—B. Doner, The Ottawa Citizen.

—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

The Greek Experience

THE SOPHISTS without Socrates are half a show—that's my conclusion after watching many programs in the first recently completed season of *The Advocates*, the public television program that addresses itself to specific issues in public affairs in a pseudo-debate-courtroom format. For thirty-eight Sunday evenings, the program's participants regularly and commendably have tried to clarify such questions as "Should the United States sell jet fighters to Israel?" or "Should unions demand that employees have the option of working half-time or full-time —thus 'liberating' wives from the frustration of boring housekeeping and motherhood chores?" Skillful, intelligent rhetoricians have presented their cases, pro and con, on each issue. They have examined and cross-examined friendly and hostile witnesses. A moderator-judge has regulated times and tempers. Even a decision-maker from the real world has sat alongside the judge, asking an occasional question because he was expected to take a position on the debated issue later in the program.

Each time I have been troubled by the feeling that the program didn't come off. Halfway through I inevitably have become restless. The program seemed destined to call attention to important issues but to never satisfactorily engage the mind in their consideration. I could not quite understand what was wrong until the very last show of the season—the one about half-time work and women's liberation —gave me the clue. Dr. A. Kardien, a psychiatrist, testifying on behalf of the advocate who opposed the half-time proposal, argued that it was dangerous to deprive children of a mother's attention, but he wouldn't say definitely that the half-time proposal was unwise. "I'm an empiricist," he said. "Let's test and find out whether, in fact, giving fathers more time with children will help the children."

Suddenly the significance of *The Advocates* became clear: It was all a replay of the Greek experience. The advocates are the pre-Socratic Sophists, wandering teachers who went to Athens from foreign cities to popularize knowledge. They were value-free technicians in the art of debate, capable of arguing any side of a question demanded by their clients. Dr. Kardien represents the early Greek scientists who sought to understand the cosmos without theology or magic but by reason and observation alone. The advocates on the program sought only to persuade; the empiricist wanted to experiment and test. Missing, however, in this contemporary microcosm of the ancient Greek mind, was the figure of the philosopher Socrates, who was less interested in the means or techniques by which men seek their goals than he was in the worth of the goals themselves. Except for the psychiatrists, the behavior of the cast of *The Advocates* was entirely "eristic," polemical reasoning for the purposes of victory in argument.

The supporters of the half-time proposal presented their case, which included assertions that society does change, that a sex-polarized society tends to be warlike, and that people ought to have the option of choosing their life-styles. The opposers counter-asserted that business would be hurt, that economic as well as psychic costs would be too high, and that there was no real demand for the proposal. All arguments were self-serving; how could the viewer judge their validity? Without some measuring of value, the arguments tended merely to reinforce pre-program prejudices. But empirical testing is but one way to decision, as is rhetorical persuasion. Another way, the Socratic answer to the Sophists, is dialectic—a process of criticism that seeks to determine first principles. This requires a chain of collisions between pairs of assertions, a periodic halt to scrutinize opposing arguments and to see if ascending consensus can be reached.

"We're short of space. Would you mind doubling up with a nice middle-aged tent man from Cairo?"

The trouble with the art of rhetoric and eloquent public appeal is that it tends toward relativism. In the Sophists' act of persuasion and refutation there is the problem of discovering whether anything of permanent value can claim the support of all in the audience. This is the problem that *The Advocates*, well-meaning popularizer of knowledge, cannot solve in its present format. This is why the programs seem one-dimensional, never penetrating beyond the repetitive, essentially static positions of the pleaders. At the end of each program there might be some small value in questioning people in the studio audience who allegedly have changed their minds on an issue, to find out why they did change. This would enable viewers to make some climatic comparison between reasons for change rather than mere statistics. Television—the medium of the contest —is ideal for the Sophists. And yet, the suspicion persists: Wouldn't the wily, old dialectician of ancient Athens have been great on TV?

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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Who Are the Culturally Deprived?

Those institutions that have been primarily the preserve of the Establishment are finally sharing in the genuine and sometimes radical change that has already invaded other areas of American life. Museums and performing arts institutions are just now confronting the ethical and esthetic reforms in standards, values, and attitudes that have already been demanded of the universities and the churches. This confrontation poses special problems, however, because all of our major arts institutions are founded on a European tradition and approach to the arts. Their concerns are more reflective than immediate, more interpretive than creative. The works performed and the exhibitions displayed, more often than not, celebrate the creative talent of another century and another country.

As a result, the arts in America have little to say to the contemporary scene —they have remained divorced from everyday life. It is not, for instance, mere unrelated coincidence that the esthetic standards of Main Street in every community in America are represented by a tangle of telephone wires illuminated by neon glut and that, simultaneously, American soldiers are charged with a massacre in Vietnam. Certainly the legalized vandalism of urban renewal and highway construction instills a sense of impermanence that can only produce a lack of respect for anything but violent and destructive change. And meanwhile those who control the system seem removed from the human consequences of the division between art and life; they have, for the most part, a limousine's-eye view of the action in the streets.

At the same time, we hear much about "quality" and "standards" when suggestions are made for altering accepted credentials for academic acceptance or artistic excellence. We also hear much about "cultural deprivation," which means, of course, that people in black and Puerto Rican neighborhoods do not hear white symphonies or see white plays; and it implies that the culture of the ghetto is primitive compared to white culture. Yet, the black and ethnic sections of cities are, quite to the contrary, where the arts are most immediate and full of life. If there are any culturally disadvantaged ghettos, they are probably to be found in white suburbs.

In the past few years, programs in the visual and performing arts have been springing up in inner cities across the country, and the most significant feature of these so-called ghetto arts programs is the fact that the ghetto may do more for the arts than the arts will do for the ghetto. The reasons are both uncomplicated and profound. For art to reach ethnic audiences, it must relate people to who and what they are —not to what someone else would like them to appreciate or hope they can become. The notion of the arts as something separate and apart from what happens to us every day, as icons to be revered by well-rehearsed members of a club on special occasions, has no place and no meaning on the streets of Cleveland's Hough district, the Watts area of Los Angeles, or 119th Street in Harlem. The emphasis in such places is on the content of what is presented and the involvement of those who experience it. Technique is, as it should be, a secondary concern for successful black and other ethnic art, which focuses attention on the quality of living.

Our established institutions fail to realize that "quality" and "standards" are not in the least at stake. If anything, standards will be expanded, not lowered, as so many argue when seeking to dodge the real issue. In fact, street theater and guerrilla plays, related to black and ethnic experiences, are more immediate and sensory, less intellectually precious than so much

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traditionally acceptable art. Educationally, it may even be possible to introduce, through black and ethnic experiences, the concept of sensory, essentially artistic perception as an extension of a literacy that now is limited to knowing how to read, write, and speak.

"Professionalism" in the arts often describes previous associations and a certain kind of slick polish rather than artistic validity. Reviewers, critics, patrons, and especially connoisseurs tend too frequently to be concerned with artfulness rather than art. It sometimes seems as if they are discussing wine rather than the human magic of creative experience.

Most of what we now count as "culture," in that most ponderous of all possible words, is more European than it is American. The unmistakable mark of black studies and black arts is their uniquely American quality. As Albert Murray has said about Langston Hughes's poetry: "He took the words and rhythm of the street and put them on paper. The result was poetry." What is particularly telling about Hughes's poetry is the fact that it is more notably American than much of our academically respectable verse forged not on the human anvil of the streets but developed out of the well-learned lessons of our European forebears.

We are being retaught by the ghettos that the arts are about people—the way they move, the things they see, the sounds they make. It may be that the ghettos will teach us once again how to sing about ourselves in a way that reminds us that the beauty and quality of all our lives and the content of our arts are inseparable.

—JOHN B. HIGHTOWER.

John B. Hightower is director of the Museum of Modern Art.

WIT TWISTER #173

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Their cries _ _ _ _ _ _ _.
Do not your false hearts ache,
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ of your
loved ones' perfect trust?
Were there no _ _ _ _ _
_ _ paths for you to take
Than these unhealthy ones of
heartless lust? —A.S.

(*Answer on page 59*)

Letters to the Education Editor

"Free Schools"

BONNIE BARRETT STRETCH'S article "The Rise of the 'Free School'" [*SR*, June 20] raises some interesting questions.

If the new schools "run mainly on the energy and excitement of people who have set out to do their own thing," how do we know that doing their own thing is good for the children?

Reference is made more than once to the "human atmosphere" in these new schools. Is this atmosphere a recent discovery? Have no teachers or schools developed such an atmosphere during the past fifty years?

When "children obviously are failing under the old ways and parents enroll their children out of desperation," this is understandable. But by what rationale or by what set of values do they take children who are highly successful—and many of them are—and place them in the charge of teachers who may not even know where they are going but are using the children as they grope slowly while doing their own thing?

SOL DISNER,
Region Assistant,
Detroit Public Schools,
Detroit, Mich.

HOW OLD IS Bonnie Barrett Stretch, I wonder. Surely she cannot remember the Thirties, when John Dewey's philosophy and his emphasis on "learning by doing" prompted the start of many schools like those she describes as so very new. The words are different, but the meaning the same. The "progressive school," "activity program," and "project method" held full sway.

Later came Sputnik. Our children didn't know nearly as much as the Russians, the critics said. And it was the progressive schools that bore the brunt. "We must return to the 'academic disciplines.'" And the story went round and round about the child in the progressive school who asked her teacher one morning, "Do we have to do what we want to do today?"

Would that we could have it both ways—the freedom and joy of learning with the discipline.

MRS. CHARLOTTE B. TROXELL,
Charleston, S.C.

RICHMOND'S New Directions Community School is experiencing all the growing (we hope) pains described by Bonnie Barrett Stretch. We were pleased with the mention of our *New Schools Manual*. However, could you please tell your readers that the manual is not free. There is a charge of $1 to cover printing and mailing costs.

MRS. JOHN ARMSTEAD,
Richmond, Calif.

"If you ask me, we've confronted the hell out of them."

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BLACK ARTS FOR BLACK YOUTH

by DON D. BUSHNELL

—Ted Kurihara (Performing Arts Workshop, San Francisco)

"Through the arts, minority youths can find their work, contribute to their culture and society, and, in the process, find themselves."

The right of self-determination and self-expression has become more than just a luxury to the disenfranchised poor and the young. The dominance of white cultural norms over the curriculum of most urban schools jeopardizes self-identification, confidence, imagination, motivation, sensation, and even the health and emotional equilibrium of the minority student. In the name of advancing the "melting pot" process, metropolitan schools downgrade ethnic group identification, and in the name of "cultural enrichment" they bus black children to white symphonies, opera, or theater, and bring "top" artists into the schools to educate the "culturally deprived."

Yet to speak of Afro-Americans, Puerto Ricans, or Mexican-Americans as culturally deprived is an absurdity. And the arts movement that has been developing in the city ghettos since 1967 testifies to that absurdity. Drawing on Negro, African, or Spanish-American history, poetry, dance, and drama, storefront academies like Studio Watts in Los Angeles, the New Thing Art and Architecture Center in Washington, D.C., and Harlem School of the Arts in New York City give the minority child a sense of historical pride, a knowledge of the roots of his own culture, something with which he can readily identify and on which he can build confidence in his own worth and ability. Community arts centers thus become a prime vehicle for social change. At the same time, by demanding the active participation of neighborhood youth in the centers' activities, they offer young people a chance to discover their esthetic and creative abilities and to develop skills and discipline in chosen crafts and arts. Youths of both sexes can participate in a variety of performing arts activities —street theater, film-making, "docu-drama" or improvisational theater, touring dance troupes, rock bands. Often the more advanced trainees receive payment for their performances.

All this is in stark contrast to the passivity of most public school arts programs, which rely mainly on exposure to or production of someone else's creations. During the 1967-69 period, the major city school districts were the recipients of federal grants for improving arts education in the urban schools. But federal funds destined for these schools were given over to "enrichment" experiences and used primarily to purchase tickets for students to attend professional theater or to import artists and groups for one-time performances, providing a minimum of exposure and little opportunity for individual creativity or direct involvement. This practice forces youths to see plays or experience programs that are unrelated to their life situations. The truth is that a great majority of the city school districts are guilty of misspending federal funds on compensatory enrichment programs that ignore the rich cultural heritage of the urban subcultures and the interest of minority youth. Only a fraction of their funding was given over to artists-in-residence or culturally relevant programing.

A two-year national survey of the community arts movement and arts education in the ghetto (*The Arts, Education, and the Urban Subculture*, $9.50, available from the Communications Foundation, 2020 Alameda Padre Serra, Santa Barbara, California 93103), supported by a grant from the Humanities and Arts Program of the U.S. Office of Education, arrived at the firm conclusion that the most relevant arts education available to the minority student today is to be found in the

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Technology and the Urban Arts

THE BEST of the arts projects of the inner city offer students a variety of media through which they can express themselves and grow. Particularly effective are the audio and visual media produced by the new, portable technology: the videotape recorder (VTR), the motion picture camera, and the cassette recorder. The student artist's initial fascination with the equipment and with being entrusted with a moderately expensive piece of gear soon gives way to the enjoyment of creating something real and personal out of his own experience and environment.

At the Richmond Neighborhood House near San Francisco, a videotape communication center was started with OEO funds and some loaned Ampex VTR equipment. During the summer, black youths promoted the construction of a neighborhood park in their community with a tape showing the area to be developed, similar successful parks, and a dramatic visual statement of the need. Presentation of the tape before supporting agencies and on street corners in North Richmond gave impetus to the drive. Students followed up by visually documenting the poor conditions of streets for a demonstration before the City Council, by reporting on activities of local action groups and arts centers, and by describing the effects of de facto segregation on students.

Sound artist Tony Schwartz, with the help of sixteen students from Dalton and Brandeis high schools in New York City, studied the sound environment between 85th and 86th streets by means of tape recordings. While at the Communication Center of Fordham University, Mr. Schwartz had developed a program for training minority high school students in the art of creating sound collages. From his experience, he has become convinced that students from black and Puerto Rican homes have an essential auditory orientation, and that their education is far too print-oriented and ignores the instructional potential of sensory stimuli that have impact on the students outside the classroom. Hence, the tape recorder becomes an effective tool for artistic perception and social expression in the ghetto schools.

Film-making has generated a whole new breed of movie-minded kids for whom films are a part of everyday experience. Because the 8mm camera is lightweight, almost automatic to operate, and uses inexpensive film, it is fast becoming the basic tool for teaching framing and focusing to the initiate. However, the 16mm camera is still the work horse of the serious student. More than seventy inner-city film projects are listed by the Community Film Workshop Council in New York City.

The free neighborhood radio station is becoming another outlet for urban artistic expression. Currently, soul jockeys and rock stations add up to the only authentic voice for the urban youth in the broadcast media. But "soul music is not enough," said picketing black students at a recent rally in South Los Angeles. The Mafundi Institute, a performing arts training center in Watts, hosts a broadcasting training bureau that broadcasts live over radio station KPFK once a week. Plans are crystallizing for a Watts Community Communications Bureau (Watts-Comm) that will broadcast daily throughout an eight-square-mile area.

Television has yet to become accessible to neighborhood art centers and youth. This may soon change, however, with development of the totally new concept of participatory television. A computer-monitored CATV system, introduced to the National Cable Television Association this month by Vicom Industries, permits any subscriber to plug in an inexpensive TV camera to send out his own video message. Wherever a television set is hooked up to cable—in the storefront arts centers, school classrooms, or homes—the subscriber is able to broadcast live over a local channel for a nominal sum. In the present Vicom model, up to thirty private channels are available for local broadcasting. The system affords distribution of many programs simultaneously, thereby giving different subgroups of subscribers the opportunity to talk with the broadcasting source and, through the source, to each other.

The arts, in alliance with the new participatory technology, can build a sense of community where only isolated people and fragmented neighborhoods existed before. Frantz Fanon suggests that a community will evolve only when a people control their own communications network. The young minority artist will be a major factor in forging the links.

—D. D. B.

alternative, nonpublic schools of the inner city. From visits to more than one hundred community arts centers (including forty-six ethnic art projects) and a comparative study of the compensatory arts programs of thirty major city school districts, the researchers found that community programs serve the indigenous student populations better in every regard except one: numbers enrolled. The total number of students in nonschool programs unfortunately is small. The centers that offer a full-time educational program in the ghetto can be counted on two hands. The great majority are scheduled after school and operate full-time only during the summer months. Yet despite their limited numbers, with even more restricted budgets, their successes loom large because of the dismal record of the public school systems.

In the summer of 1967, when federal support for compensatory arts programs was reaching the high-water mark, community arts groups, dance workshops, storefront theaters, and film-making classes were springing up all over the country. The artist already had become the "front man" for social action agencies, mental health programs, youth organizations, and even some schools. Hired for "summer in the city" projects that often lasted only ten weeks, he was expected to make up for years of impoverished education and keep the kids occupied and off the streets. When federal funds ran out, a surprising number of projects continued to underwrite their own activity. The more successful and visible the short-term programs were, the more frequently "bootstrap" operations were initiated by groups of slum residents and student participants to keep the programs alive. By 1969, the National Survey of the Arts for Minority Youth listed some 320 community arts activities in thirty major cities. Only 10 per cent were still funded by federal agencies.

The variety of these small community projects is great. Because they depend essentially on neighborhood funding, there is no requirement to support Establishment values of the dominant culture. Their goals testify to the diversity of interests of the artists and students (and inadvertently to the needs that the public schools are not fulfilling). Involvement in the performing arts is seen by the artist-director as a means of overcoming hostility and communication barriers, and has a therapeutic or rehabilitative effect on the student whose esthetic development is stifled in conventional school.

The lack of understanding and accommodation of the urban subcultures

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that surround the schools interferes with more than open expressiveness and creative ability, however. It can also interfere with the child's ability to learn standard English and other traditional school subjects. For example, white standards in speech discriminate against many minorities—perhaps most against the black student. Spanish-speaking students are clearly of another culture, but the Afro-American has a dialectal speech pattern close enough to mainstream English that instructors are likely to see the black student as lacking in intelligence rather than speaking a quasi-foreign language. William A. Stewart of the Center for Applied Linguistics in Washington, D.C., is one of a growing number of linguists who regard the nonstandard varieties of Negro speech as a formal dialect, as dependent upon learned linguistic rules as are the speech patterns of whites. The artists in the community centers, free from the rigid requirements of the public school, encourage students to write and talk in their own language and, in this manner, allow the living dialects to serve as a bridge to mainstream language skills and expedite the reading and writing of standard English.

While it is already recognized that verbal tests constructed and standardized by white psychologists reflect a bias toward white Western culture, it is not so clearly recognized that middle-class standards of heuristic style—ways of holding one's body, or laughing, or expressing opinions—also work against minority kids. In white America, behavior that deviates from the norm is seen as a product of the person's cultural or intellectual deficiency rather than as something requiring cultural understanding and accommodation on the part of the schools. The arts, on the other hand, support the life-style of minority youth and open up a visual, aural, and kinetic means of expression that is frequently lacking in the educational experience that urban schools provide. The professional artist, particularly the artist who shares a common ethnic and socio-economic background with his students, is sensitive to the fact that the behavior and talents of his pupils are the product of well-learned customs, values, and life-styles.

Ethnic and cultural identification is frequently a main goal of black arts centers, such as Concept East in Detroit. But other purposes bear similar weight in other programs. Some projects feel their chief mission is to effect social change, such as New York City's Soul and Latin Theatre (SALT) or the San Francisco Mime Troupe. Educational and vocational training is implicit in all the community arts programs, but, for some, career preparation is the only purpose. The Community Film Workshop Council's television news cameraman training project in Manhattan is an excellent example. "Art for art's sake" programs both educate and give opportunity for esthetic and creative development. The Harlem School of the Arts, Karamu House in Cleveland, and the Mafundi Institute of Watts are examples of this kind of educational resource in the urban areas.

—*Ken Ishibashi (Mafundi Institute, Los Angeles)*

"The free neighborhood radio station is becoming another outlet for urban artistic expression."

Artists working in the schools express considerable doubt that much can be done in the urban schools until the neighborhoods take control. They witness their own innovations becoming watered down to variations of recreational basket weaving and kids' freedom to produce their own films and live productions giving way to censorship by the board.

However, some good things have started as a result of increased interest from artists in the ghetto schools. At PS 169 in New York City, a jazz pianist turned music teacher developed exercises to aid the reading instructor. He started with the vowel sounds and consonant blends such as "ch" and composed rock songs that aided black kids to remember the sounds associated with each vowel. As *The New York Times* reports it, the students of PS 169 move into the halls from their reading class singing the songs they've composed. "Give me a 'ch' with a No. 3 'a' – ch (snap), ch (snap), ch (snap), cha." The reading classes led to a group composition of a rock opera.

The Teachers and Writers Collabora-

"The arts open up a visual, aural, and kinetic means of expression that is frequently lacking in the educational experience of the urban school."

—*Ted Kurihara (Performing Arts Workshop, San Francisco)*

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tive was initiated in New York City by Herb Kohl and has been placing writers and poets in classrooms, as well as in after-school and summer programs, to encourage minority kids to write in their own language and out of their own experience and emotions. As we've seen earlier, the problem of teaching writing to ghetto students is that it has a way of denying that they have a language. But encouraged to interpret current events or experiences from their own point of view, their creative works can be extremely rich and expressive.

The Teachers and Writers Collaborative operates from three basic assumptions: 1) grammatical and spelling skills develop as a result of an attachment to language and literature, not vice versa; 2) students who write and read their own literature to each other are more likely to view all literature as an effort to deal with and understand one's experience in creative ways; 3) children will expand the boundaries of their own language usage when they are allowed to develop their own language naturally, without the imposition of artificial standards of grading, usage, and arbitrary limits on subject matter. The results, as with other writer's workshops enlisting essentially the same principles, are truly remarkable.

Jack Herman, an arts instructor in the All Day Neighborhood Schools in Brooklyn, New York, sums it up: "Poverty defeats people, and if you use a tool such as dramatics that is a creative art that can . . . get them to a kind of mirror of their own worth, *then* they can read, write, and understand their school experience." This mirror effect of the arts is perhaps seen most readily in the film-making experience. Relatively inexpensive equipment now makes it possible for the student to make a personal statement in a way that others can respond to but, most importantly, allows him to see himself objectively, perhaps for the first time.

Dance can become an effective medium for teaching many school subjects. Acquainting elementary school students with other people and other cultures is certainly a staple of most curriculums. An introduction to the dance in the traditional form of early ancestors can help students from minority communities gain a sense of personal pride and oneness with their heritage. Famed dancer-choreographer Pearl Primus teaches history through dance and, in her own words, "brings it vividly to the youths in a social, as well as an artistic and entertaining, way."

Miss Primus has achieved the integration of dance with historical fact. She depicts plantation situations by

(*Continued on page* 60)

BLACK ARTS FOR BLACK YOUTH

An Interview with Topper Carew

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following is adapted from an interview, conducted by Wallace Roberts, with Topper Carew, director of the New Thing Art and Architecture Center, a community organization in Washington, D.C., dedicated to the development of the black community through art and education.*

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, this country was designed by and for people who came from Europe and brought with them a set of attitudes, ideas, and values on which they based their institutions and cultural organizations. But in 1970, there are large numbers of people in this country who are non-European in origin, but who are continually subjected to the judgments, standards, and values of the European majority. When you continually subject people to an alien set of values and attitudes, you are practicing what I call cultural racism, a very sophisticated form of oppression.

The District of Columbia, for example, is a city that is 76 per cent black, but whose cultural institutions and organizations are approximately 96 per cent Neo-European. For Afro-American people, then, this city is a cultural void. That is why the New Thing Art and Architecture Center is necessary. The New Thing is trying to become a central point around which Afro-American people can focus. We don't believe in art for art's sake; that is an essentially Western concept. We believe that art is a means to make people more aware of their presence in the world, more aware of their historical origins and the vitality of their own culture. Therefore, most of the teaching we do here tries to deal with the circumstances of black people in the world, to make blacks more aware of their responsibilities, not only to their personal development, but to the development of the black community as well.

—Photos by Don Carl Steffen (Rapho-Guillumette)

"Art is a means to make people more aware of their presence in the world."

Our programs fall essentially into four areas. One is the Children's Program, for children thirteen and under; another, called the Learning Center, is for those fourteen and up. Then we have an At-Large Program and an Economic Development Program, which is devising new sources of income for the black community.

There are reasons for each of these programs. For example, in the At-Large Program we sponsor African dance performed and taught by professional African teachers. Their performances help to establish the fact that African culture is very beautiful and something to be taken seriously. Black people have to know that Africa represents much more than Tarzan and Jane, Jungle Jim, and *Daktari*. In the Children's Program and Learning Center, we teach creative writing and storytelling to help strengthen the essentially oral tradition of our community. We also teach photography, film-making, Afro-American design, Afro-American sculpture, karate, black history, and a workshop on practical life experiences. In September, we will be offering Afro-Cuban percussion, Latin percussion, blues guitar, blues harmonica, and blues theory.

You can tell a lot about a people's culture from the way they sing and dance, and of course our community is very rich in these fields. The music that came out of slavery has been one of the significant contributions to the world. You hear adaptations of it everywhere, as far away as England and the Rolling Stones. No one else in the world creates blues like black blues singers; no one else creates gospel like gospel singers; no one else in

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the world creates the dances that black people have created; those things do make us different. I contend that what we offer the world will be measured by what we create, not what we imitate.

Where you live, your environment, has a lot to do with who and what you are. Just being part of an Afro-American community has helped to modify the way we perceive the world. Africa is an influence, Afro-America is an influence, and the Western world is an influence. Taken together, these three elements make up something that produces a unique kind of artistic expression. You can call it black art, or whatever you like, but the artistic, cultural, and esthetic attitudes and values that reflect our life-style are distinctly different from those of white Neo-Europeans.

Knowledge of Afro-American culture also becomes very important in light of the melting pot theory, the rhetoric of assimilation that denies the existence of minority cultures, or at least disparages them and plays them down. The people for whom assimilation worked were Europeans. An Italian immigrant, for example, would lean on his family, on the Italo-American club, or other Italo-American institutions until he felt secure enough to slip into the American mainstream.

But the melting pot theory has no validity for black people who are former slaves and are poor through historical accident. Nor does it apply to Mexican-Americans, who come over the border to get work, nor to Puerto Ricans, nor to American Indians, who are essentially captives of war. These are highly visible minority groups who have to survive in a society that is basically white.

One of the most important aspects of our program is that it reassures black people that our history didn't begin with slavery, that we are not isolated in the world, that we have definite bonds with Africa and with other oppressed people in the world. We have a rich and sometimes very ugly history in this country, but we are a people who have made significant contributions to the world despite the handicap of slavery. We have survived the brutality of slavery, of having had our language, our religion, our family, almost all our social and spiritual institutions destroyed. And this fact of our survival seems to me to indicate that we are one of the strongest people in the world.

When I started New Thing back in 1967, I thought that one way to bring black people together is to have them address themselves to their own culture. Many of the things we do are geared to bringing different groups of people together. The dance group, for

"The basic question in a social revolution is how to improve the quality of life for as many as possible. That is where our struggle is directed."

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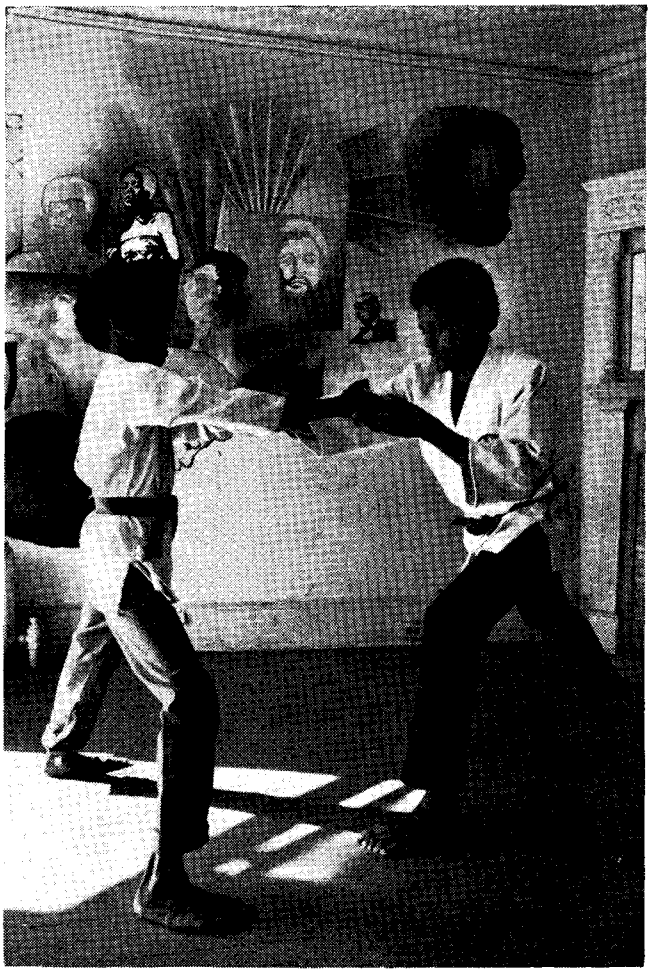

"Where you live, your environment, has a lot to do with who and what you are. Just being part of an Afro-American community has helped to modify the way we perceive the world."

instance, employs the collective energies of 100 to 125 people; a performance usually involves thirty, but in the workshops there are many more participants. It is very hard to say how many people we reach, but 250 kids are involved on a continuing basis, seventy-five young adults, fifty older adults. We've given performances with as many as 2,500 people in attendance, and there is no way to estimate how many people listen to our radio program, the *New Thing Root Music Show*, which offers music that has its roots in black communities throughout the world. We don't know how many people we manage to influence, but there are a lot of people whose ears are open. We have 600 contributors.

One of the most important things that has come out of the black community is our devotion to fraternalism, the whole notion of brotherhood and sisterhood as it relates to nationhood and community. New kinds of learning and places of learning will grow out of that concept. We have already seen some of them appear over the years as they grew out of the civil rights movement—the Freedom Schools, the liberation schools, the struggle for community control in urban schools, for example.

We have to think more about changing our institutions to rid them of their racist aspects. We need to design new kinds of institutions that are not only nonracist and nonoppressive but that serve the needs of people in the twentieth century. Most of the academic institutions today are based on an archaic form of authority. It seems to me that in institutions that function well in this country, authority is based on a kind of earned respect. I think young people have as much to say, as much to teach, as anyone who has been assigned to that position. So I see a teacher essentially as a catalyst or a discussion leader, not as an unchallengeable authority.

At the New Thing, there isn't much distance between me and my students. They respect my knowledge, but they also respect *me*, so that creates a new kind of relationship. I am their teacher, but I am also their brother, which means we respect our mutual humanity; we have the capacity to love one another. The task of schools, historically, has been to condition people for society. But today black people and young people want something more for themselves than what their parents had. The schools' function is not to create people who can serve the needs of society, but to create people who can imagine and strive for a better world.

At the New Thing we don't see ourselves as the leaders in the struggle for the liberation of black people; we are primarily a cultural organization. But broadly speaking, of course, everything is political, since everything we do is defined within the context of the political system—every brush stroke, every note represents a political act. Every time a black person lifts a brush or a pen, every time he plays a note or moves his body in a dance, that action in itself becomes a political act.

The basic question in any social revolution is how to improve the quality of life for as many people as possible. That is where our struggle is directed. We are trying to bring into being a value system in which human values are more important than material values. We focus on culture, and consequently we deal with the essence of life. Human dignity has always been the root cause of every struggle. Better jobs and better housing are only means to an end; our true objective is dignity for the individual.

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No Game for Radicals

by HENRY S. RESNIK

Even the die-hards are beginning to agree that urban school systems will have to change radically or else. Boards of education and top school administrators may drown in their own rhetoric before significant changes actually come about, but in Philadelphia a reform board and a youthful superintendent of schools, Mark Shedd, have actively pursued system-wide change for almost four years. Several important experiments continue to survive the turmoil of Philadelphia politics (the school system may have to postpone the opening of the 1970-71 school year for lack of money), and one of the most highly touted is the Pennsylvania Advancement School, which helped to kick off the Shedd administration when it opened in the fall of 1967.

Shedd set up the Advancement School as a semiautonomous laboratory for curriculum development and teacher training with its own charter and board of directors—funding comes from Titles I and III of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act and, to a lesser extent, from the school system's operating budget. The purpose was to establish a place where an unusually creative group of teachers would have as much freedom as possible for developing new approaches to education. Shedd's supporters gave up the idea of a revolution in the Philadelphia schools long ago, but the Advancement School remains as a beacon to "change-agents" throughout the system.

For all practical purposes the school is five years old, not three. It was originally the North Carolina Advancement School, founded in November 1964 as a pet project of Terry Sanford, when he was known as the state's "education" governor. An offshoot of the Learning Institute of North Carolina (LINC), which Sanford had created as a lever for change for the state's public school system, the Advancement School was designed as a hothouse for innovation, particularly in dealing with the problems of underachievers. Located in a former hospital in Winston-Salem, the residential school drew 250-300 seventh- and eighth-grade boys from all over the state for eleven-week terms of way-out experimentation and intense involvement. In addition to improving the boys' attitudes toward school, the staff aimed at developing new programs and methods that it planned to spread through the North Carolina system in the form of special curriculum packages and teacher-training workshops. The teachers, a relatively youthful group, got what most people associated with the school considered to be excellent results: 75 per cent of the home-school principals reported a rise in the boys' grades, and 90 per cent saw a noticeable change in their attitudes toward school.

Few educators in North Carolina's Department of Public Instruction shared the boys' enthusiasm for the Advancement School's innovations, however, and there were political rumblings about the fact that one-third of the students were black. Sanford's term ended in January 1965; his successor pledged support, but it was only a matter of time before the educational and political conservatives began to move in. By the spring of 1967 the staff began to look for new jobs.

At about this time Mark Shedd was busy, in an unofficial capacity, lining up

HENRY S. RESNIK is a free-lance journalist and teacher, whose book *Turning on the System: War in the Philadelphia Public School* was published in May by Pantheon.

—*Photos by Frank Schweitzer*

"One of the basic principles of the Pennsylvania Advancement School has been to avoid the deadening effect of drill and rote learning—the emphasis throughout is on motivation."

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his new Philadelphia administration. Two of Shedd's assistants who had strong ties to Harvard were following the political imbroglio, and finally they convinced Shedd to pay a visit to the Advancement School. Shedd was so impressed by the open, creative atmosphere that he quickly invited the staff to move to Philadelphia en masse. The teachers were delighted to have this opportunity to continue their work together, and seventeen of them, natives of North Carolina as well as several Harvard graduates and other Northerners, made plans for the move.

At first the youthful staff had what now seem to be unrealistically high expectations. The notion that the schools of urban America are racist, educationally bankrupt, and hopelessly rigid only recently had been popularized by such books as *Death at an Early Age* and *36 Children,* and the Advancement School faculty took the wave of anti-Establishment feeling as the basis for a tacit agreement that they were there to devise methods for quick, radical change. This was articulated most frequently as the desire to "turn kids on" —the rallying cry even in North Carolina. One hardly needed to add that the traditional schools were responsible for turning kids off.

Thus, various members of the staff espoused a wide spectrum of now familiar homilies. Authoritarianism and the teacher-centered classroom were wrong. Excessive reliance on structure and bureaucracy was harmful. Openness and honesty must replace hierarchical roles and alienation. Children should be allowed to grow naturally, with a minimum of interference from teachers. Teachers should be guides, in fact; the traditional concept of teaching would no longer do. It was the radical educators' party line, culled in large part from the example and writings of Socrates, Rousseau, Dewey, Montessori, Neill, and Goodman.

"One of the key things that turned me off on anybody," reported Gordon McAndrew, a former Advancement School director, who hired many of the teachers for the move to Philadelphia, "is if he asked what's the structure or what is my position. . . ." The Advancement School was meant to evolve as a community effort, something like the hippie groups that were building a new life-style in quiet communes throughout the nation. And because of the school's independent, nonprofit status the conventional hurdles of the "merit system" were automatically circumvented.

In assembling the first group of forty-five teachers, Peter Buttenweiser, the director for the school's first two years in Philadelphia, sought people of unusual talent and ability. Several had careers other than teaching; some had been dancers, actors, painters, or writers. One, who had spent the preceding summer as a lumberjack, was a professional puppeteer; another had been offered a contract by the Dallas Cowboys. The teachers derived a certain pride from knowing how much they were unlike an ordinary group of teachers.

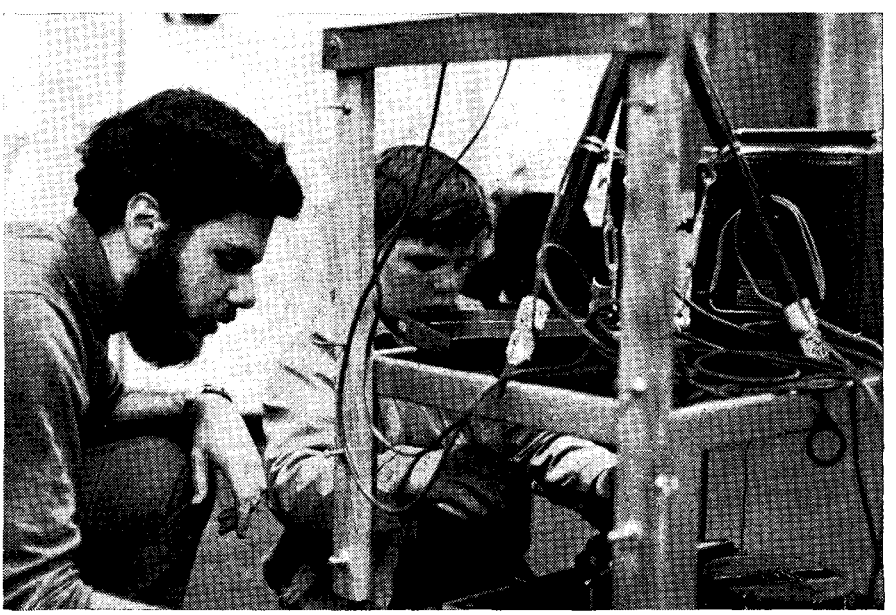
And the school in no way resembled a school. Housed in a converted block-long North Philadelphia factory that the board of education had purchased as a center for innovative programs, the school occupied a single huge floor during its first fourteen-week session, then moved to its present quarters, the refurbished third and fourth floors. The hallways are wide and rambling, the colors lively pastels, and the floors carpeted throughout (carpeting costs roughly the same as tiling, but it looks luxurious). The furniture and walls are completely flexible, and the equipment—media, art materials, duplicating machines—is unusual for an urban school; there is even an electric organ in the soundproof recording studio.

The Advancement School's debut became what Buttenweiser remembers as a "painful learning experience," partly because the unconverted second floor, the setting for the first Philadelphia session, proved so unsuitable for the needs of a school (a huge ventilating system made conversation nearly impossible).

The tone has been altogether different since the school moved to its new quarters in February 1968. More experienced in working with the limitless energy of seventh- and eighth-grade boys from the inner city, the faculty has struck a reasonably healthy balance between freedom and discipline, though remaining considerably freer than the traditional school. For the most part the Advancement School kids are delighted to be there. A recent survey of the boys' parents indicates that they too are virtually unanimous in their enthusiasm.

PAS spokesmen emphasize that service to students is only one of a number of the school's objectives and that the principal goal is to effect change in the system; nevertheless, the often criticized, fourteen-week sessions, a hangover from the North Carolina period that treated kids to a strong dose of freedom and then dumped them back into their old schools with little support, have been changed to visits of a full year. The number of students has varied—there were 170 during the 1969-70 school year—but it represents both the geographical districts and the racial composition (60 per cent black, 36 per cent white, 4 per cent Puerto Rican) of the school system as a whole and includes a small percentage from parochial schools.

The main reason for the school's success with its students, other than the depth of commitment of the staff, is probably the general assumption that in order to reach kids teachers must, to use the current jargon of the educationally turned-on, "go where the kids are." This is a phrase one hears often at the Advancement School, along with others like "interpersonal relations," "group dynamics," and "achievement motivation." In terms of seventh- and eighth-grade boys, it roughly means that if boys have great difficulty sitting



"There really is no curriculum at the Advancement School in the usual sense, for the school's structure is in a state of constant evolution."

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still for more than five minutes, you don't jam them into orderly rows and punish them if they make a sound. Instead you go where they are—you develop a curriculum that requires action and movement. Another phrase that went the Advancement School rounds at one time is "thing-oriented"—boys of this age cannot be forced to concentrate on abstract ideas, the teachers maintain; they have to use their bodies and their hands as much as possible.

The "Boxing-Reading" unit invented by physical education teacher Richard Kravitz and reading teacher Marvin Shapiro is a good example of how this philosophy translates into action within the school's casual working atmosphere. "Dick had always been interested in getting into the academic end," Shapiro says. "He didn't want physical education set apart. And I'd always been interested in working with sports. Dick had tried to do a communications unit around basketball, but it didn't work. I'd assembled some materials about boxing; so we decided to try it together." In theory, the focus on boxing would provide strong motivation; just as important, according to Shapiro, was the relationship of reading to an actual experience—"Books aren't a real life thing. We want to get the reading experience and the real life experience together."

Choosing the theme "Boxing and Minority Groups, the Appeal Now and in the '20s and '30s," Shapiro and Kravitz launched a series of activities involving professional fighters; books, magazines, plays, and movies about boxing; and even a boxing ring set up in the school's athletics room. The unit became an obsession among their students for several weeks. Gypsy Joe Harris, a professional boxer, visited the school for an hour-long TV interview with the boxing-reading class, and while attending a fight the class visited the dressing rooms at a local arena. When the kids set up their own boxing match—some were fighters, others reporters and cameramen, others managers—everyone was involved. The boys even recorded on tape an interview with the chairman of the state athletic commission. And throughout the entire process they were reading and writing about their experiences—90 per cent of the students in one class averaged an eight-month reading comprehension gain in three months.

The boxing-reading class is typical of the school's approach to verbal skills. PAS teachers rarely involve themselves in anything resembling the conventional English course of the traditional junior high school. Ever since a team of teachers developed an extensive course of study that ranged from nonverbal exercises to horror stories read by candlelight to a dance improvisation of a gang war using the music of *West Side Story*, the generally accepted concept has been "communications." And one of the basic principles has been to avoid the deadening effect of drill and rote learning—the emphasis throughout is on motivation. The team made a policy of never correcting errors on students' papers, and this probably accounted for, at least in part, the quantity of writing they produced—some would fill a composition book every week.

Long-term courses of study are not the typical Advancement School curriculum package, however. The usual process of invention happens in spurts. Working with a group of students, a teacher will invent a game, for example, then perfect a series of rules, and finally write up a descriptive booklet. The school has its own offset printing equipment, and so far dozens of these one-shot projects have been circulated both in Philadelphia and in many other school systems throughout the country. A classic example is "Stud Spelling," which grew out of one teacher's observation that, while his students had tremendous difficulties with spelling, they loved to play poker in their spare time. After starting them with regular poker in class, the teacher equated words of varying difficulty with each of the fifty-two cards, and the object was for one of the players to spell all his words correctly while the others bet on his chances, using play money. The teacher reported that one poor speller got so involved in the ongoing game that he went home one afternoon, memorized a long list of words until he could spell them all, and returned the next day to take the pot.

While the English of the conventional school has emerged in a quite different form as communications, social studies and math have become Human Development and Perception Development—HD and PD. The HD curriculum synthesizes a number of projects that PAS teachers have been developing for several years and concentrates on the general themes of identity and human relationships so vital to the psychological concerns of young adolescents. An explicit effort to develop the affective, as well as the cognitive, aspects of learning, the course starts rather simply with an "animal lab," with students observing animals and visiting the zoo, then proceeds to an experiment in which kids spend an emotionally jolting period of time confined in a cage themselves. Later units examine such topics as "Other Cultures," basically a brief introduction to anthropology; "People," in which students relate such books and films as *Manchild in the Promised Land* and *Nothing but a Man* to a study of human relationships and values; "Group Interaction," which examines the functioning of the students' own groups as well as group behavior in stories and films (*King Rat, The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*); and an extensive urban studies program, "Learning in the City," most of which takes place outside of school. Activities have ranged from neighborhood tours and sidewalk interviews to several weeks of volunteer work in which PAS students became teacher aides in the city's Get Set program, the local equivalent of Head Start.

"Perception Development is an informal field," says PD department head

(*Continued on page* 58)

"If seventh- and eighth-grade boys have trouble sitting still for more than five minutes, [let] them use their bodies and hands as much as possible."

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The Editor's Bookshelf

Paul Woodring

Behind the Campus Revolt

THE TRAGIC EVENTS at Kent State University this May, followed by demonstrations involving various degrees of violence on hundreds of other campuses, occurred only a few months after a number of college presidents had expressed the opinion that the worst was over—that campus dissent, protest, activism, and violence were on the wane. Now, with the college year ended, only a few will hazard a prediction. Whether the disorder will increase or subside when they reopen seems likely to depend on future events yet unforeseen and to some extent on the effectiveness of leadership on the national level. So far this administration has been even less successful than the preceding one in gaining the confidence of the younger generation, or in convincing it that our national policy is sound.

No administrator on either the national or local level can hope to be loved, admired, or followed by that segment of the younger generation which is convinced that all administrators are evil and that the Establishment must be overthrown. But this segment is a small minority of the nation's seven million college students. The great majority still is searching for leadership that it can respect, as was demonstrated by those who shaved their beards and cut their hair in order to campaign more effectively for Senator McCarthy. There is grave danger, however, that in the absence of acceptable leadership, more students will give their allegiance to leaders who offer nothing but anarchy.

Millions of words have been written in efforts to account for the widening gap between young people and those whom they identify as "the Establishment." Though many causal factors have been listed, none of the hypotheses so far advanced adequately explains why the students of recent years differ so greatly from those of the Fifties, most of whom accepted the System and seemed eager to become a part of it. Why has there been so great a change in so short a time?

If dissent were found only in the United States, it might appear that the major cause is the moral dilemma presented to young men by our involvement in Vietnam. But, since protest and violence have become equally common in the universities of Japan, Mexico, Canada, France, Italy, and other nations not involved in the Vietnam conflict, any acceptable hypothesis must explain the world-wide nature of today's youthful activism. It must also account for the fact that college students—most of whom receive draft deferments, and few of whom get into combat even if they are drafted after graduation—protest more angrily than do the noncollege men who are called upon to do the fighting. To say that it is because they are more intelligent and better informed seems a limp explanation.

Those who blame rigid college rules and authoritarian administrators for campus revolt must explain the fact that some of the most violent protests have occurred on campuses where the administrators have been noted for their liberalism, and where students enjoy an exceptional amount of freedom. They must also explain why the revolt came in the Sixties rather than a generation or two earlier when administrators enforced far more rigid rules without meeting much protest.

The view that campus unrest results from the bureaucracy and impersonality that come with large institutional size has some validity but cannot be a sufficent cause. Several American universities were excessively large even a generation ago (New York University enrolled 31,000 students in 1936), while some of the recent disorders have occurred on much smaller campuses.

The threats to the quality of life imposed by overpopulation and pollution increase the level of anxiety but do not adequately explain the attacks on the Establishment. It is young men and women, rather than older members of the Establishment, who have most of the babies, and it is they who can reduce the birth rate if they choose to do so. Industry can legitimately be blamed for much of the pollution, but students who drive overpowered cars also contribute to it.

Those who attribute campus protest to permissive child rearing must produce evidence, first that permissiveness really is productive of protest-prone personalities, and second that the students of the Sixties were reared more permissively than those who came to college a decade earlier. In the absence of such evidence, it seems unlikely that there was much change in child-rearing practices in so short a time.

When students are asked for their own explanation of the unrest, a frequent answer is, "Because we are *aware*." And indeed they are: well aware of social injustice, of the helplessness of individuals in a mass society, and of the dangers of pollution and of nuclear war. Yet, it seems a bit presumptuous for them to assume that no previous generation has been aware of the evils of the world or of the problems facing the nation. Students of the Thirties were aware of the horrors of war and of the probability that many of them would die in a second world war. They read daily of the threats to freedom posed by the rise of Hitlerism. And they knew at first hand what it means to come to maturity during a depression.

Many of the students who came to college in the late 1940s and early 1950s had been personally involved in warfare, and all of them were aware of the existence of nuclear bombs that could destroy civilization. Yet, the level of campus protest was much lower in those previous decades than it is today.

Two recently published collections of essays by academic men throw additional light on these problems even though they do not adequately explain the magnitude of dissent on campuses. *Students in Revolt*, edited by Seymour Martin Lipset and Philip G. Altbach (Houghton Mifflin, 561 pp., $8.95), presents the international picture with chapters on activism in Asia, Africa, Europe, and Latin America. *Student Activism and Protest*, edited by Edward E. Samson and Harold A. Korn (Jossey-Bass, 265 pp. $8.50), covers the American scene.

The historical portions of the first of these books make it clear that anyone who wishes to avoid a revolution should not take student activism lightly. In Germany and Austria, students played a key role in the revolutions of 1848. In czarist Russia, they spearheaded various revolutionary movements and helped pave the way for the Revolution of 1917. More recently, student demonstrations played a role in the overthrow of Perón in Argentina and Jiménez in Venezuela. In 1960 the massive riots of Japanese students against the Security Treaty between the United States and Japan forced the resignation of the Kishi government. In all these nations the number of stu-

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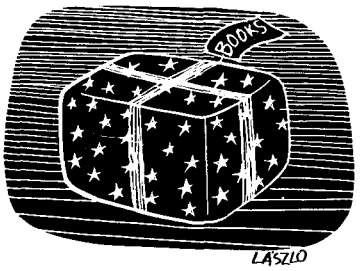
dents in universities was much smaller than in the United States today.

The contributors to *Student Activism and Protest*—seven psychologists, one sociologist, and a political scientist—identify different types of dissenters; they stress the fact that only a small minority engages in violent or illegal forms of protest. James Trent, a psychologist at UCLA, says that, while some engage in "rebellion for the hell of it" and a few are anarchists who "want devastating confrontation for its own sake," others are "rationally motivated intellectual dissenters who are not interested in bringing down the social order but in probing it, testing it, and changing it." Kenneth Keniston says that the popular stereotype of the protesting student as a long-haired and unkempt individual who is influenced by Maoist or Castroite doctrines and who also experiments with psychedelic drugs, confuses two distinct varieties of students—the alienated and the political activists. In his own studies at Harvard, he has found that alienated students are not likely to engage in demonstrations, which they see as mere role-playing. Activists are of a different psychological type, which Keniston describes as the "protest-prone personality," noting that a student who demonstrates for one cause is likely to demonstrate for a number of others. Such students are not alienated. Many of them come from families with liberal political views, and their parents support their protest activities. They are recruited from among those young Americans who have enjoyed what is commonly considered the best of American life and have had the greatest opportunity to advance within the System.

The role of the faculty in stimulating and encouraging protest movements has not yet received the attention it deserves, but Sampson, in his introductory chapter, mentions two groups of faculty members who are sympathetic to the dissenters. The first is "composed of the old, disillusioned rebels of the Thirties [who] see in the present student movement their own life replayed, now life-sized on a screen outside their offices. Though their heart is with the movement, their minds tell them that failure is all that faces these new activists."

A second sympathetic faculty group "is composed of the younger, just Ph.D.'d instructors and assistant professors who rose from the ranks of the more recent protests and who now come naturally to continue their battles. These are the faculty who can be seen huddled head to head with the student activists at every planning session, joining together with them in preparing what they hope will be the



groundwork for the wave of tomorrow." These younger faculty members, like the students, are prone to see university administrators as "the enemy in residence," and, because of the rapid growth of universities in recent years, they often outnumber the older ones. Dissenting students, because of their reluctance to trust "anyone over thirty," are prone to follow the lead of the younger faculty members.

Several of the authors repeat a statement that has appeared in a dozen previous volumes: Student protest is found mostly in highly selective institutions, and is rare in less prestigious institutions "such as teachers colleges." In addition to being outdated by events of late, such a statement reveals a remarkable lack of awareness of recent changes in higher education. In most parts of the nation, teachers colleges as separate institutions disappeared from the scene a full generation ago. Some of the state colleges and universities that grew out of them—San Francisco State and Kent State are conspicuous examples—have had their full share of protest and violence. Activism is no longer restricted to a few campuses, or to any one type of institution.

Richard Flacks, a sociologist at the Santa Barbara campus of the University of California, offers a hypothesis that organizes a number of the contributing causes of unrest into a pattern: "The expansion of higher education in our society has produced a social stratum that tends to rear its children with values and character structures that are at some variance with the dominant culture. Affluence and secure status further weaken the potency of conventional incentives and undermine motivations for upward mobility. The outcome of these new processes is a new social type or subculture among the young—humanistic youth. Such youth are especially sensitized to injustice and authoritarianism, are repelled by acquisitive, militaristic, and nationalistic values, and strive for a vocational situation in which autonomy and self-expression can be maximized. They have been politicized and radicalized by their experiences in relation to the racial and international crisis, and by the failure of established agencies of renewal and reform, including the universities, to alleviate these crises. They also sense the possibility that opportunities for autonomy and individuality may be drying up in advanced technological societies."

One additional factor deserves mention—the contagion that has been notable since the first Berkeley disorders were televised. In the words of Donald Brown, a psychologist at the University of Michigan: "The news-hungry media tend to fan the sparks of unrest by massive and immediate publicity. . . . There is bound to be a generalization and spread of effect from campus to campus." There is little doubt that the nationwide publicity given to student protest leaders encourages the rise of such leaders on other campuses.

Whether or not our military involvement in Southeast Asia is the major cause of unrest in the United States, it seems clear that the decision to move into Cambodia provided the trigger for the violence that led to the closing of hundreds of American colleges and universities in the spring of 1970. If the withdrawal of our troops proceeds on schedule, and campus dissent remains at its present level, it will be apparent that the search for more deep-seated causes must continue.

Although some of these authors suggest possible ways of reducing campus tension—experimental programs, student participation in policymaking, special programs for the disadvantaged, and the cluster-college plan for reducing institutional size—those in search of immediate solutions will not find them in books such as these. Academic men, by virtue of their training and traditions, are more skilled in analyzing problems (and proposing further research) than in offering clear recommendations and answers to the question that many administrators have faced: What ought a college president to do when he is confronted by a group of students who present "nonnegotiable" demands and threaten violence if their demands are not met immediately? To say that the president must continue to search for underlying causes of the unrest is a feeble answer. To wait until he acts and then to criticize the action taken is irresponsible.

The faculty, as a policymaking body, has a clear responsibility to formulate procedures for dealing with such confrontations, and to support the administrative action taken when it is consistent with pre-established policy. The unwillingness of faculty members to support even the best college and university presidents has made it more difficult for administrators to deal wisely, effectively, and promptly with activities that, if continued, would bring down the institutions of higher learning.

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Schools Make News

Fall Previews

THE NIXON ADMINISTRATION is predicting massive school desegregation in the South this September, one year after it scrapped the Johnson administration's deadline of September 1969 and drastically softened the federal desegregation guidelines. Elliott L. Richardson, new secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW), predicted in his first news conference last month, "By fall of this year all schools will be desegregated or subject to procedures leading to desegregation." He said he was prepared to back his words with cutoffs of federal aid where necessary. HEW has terminated aid to only one Southern district in the past year.

Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights Jerris Leonard predicted that up to 97 per cent of Southern school districts would be desegregated when school doors open in September. The Justice Department quickly cautioned that that estimate was too high, but Leonard repeated it at a later date. Early in the summer, he along with Robert C. Mardian, staff director of the Cabinet Committee on Desegregation, and J. Stanley Pottinger, director of the HEW Office of Civil Rights (and successor to Leon E. Panetta), toured the South, declaring that any district not already in compliance with the law or under court order must file a desegregation plan with HEW or expect a Justice Department lawsuit to force desegregation.

The administration team concentrated especially on the 200 hard-core districts that have forgone federal funds rather than integrate. In the month of June, many of these districts took steps to file plans, but at the end of the month, Leonard announced Justice was planning action against fifty of 100 still recalcitrant districts. (The other fifty districts remained unaffected, Leonard said, because no one in the districts had formally filed a complaint.)

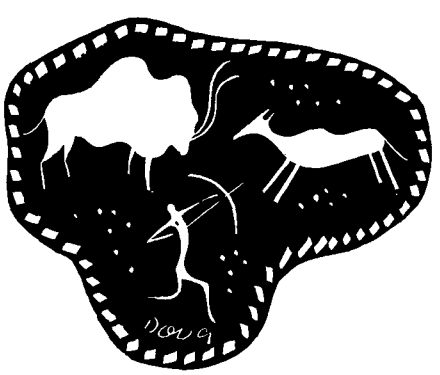
The flurry of spring and summer activity supported the impression that the administration plans to make good its word. But it has not been enough to quiet the skeptics who point out that the administration is acting mainly against the many small rural districts in the South, while dragging its feet in the large cities. For example:

• In Columbia, South Carolina, an HEW-approved desegregation plan leaves four all-black elementary schools undisturbed and eight others more than 95 per cent black. Although new neighborhood zoning lines were drawn to permit 80 per cent of Columbia's 19,000 black students to attend integrated schools, the plan eliminates the pairing provision for elementary schools required by HEW two years ago.

• In Charlotte, North Carolina, a Justice Department attorney asked the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals not to insist on massive busing. The Circuit Court reversed Federal District Judge J. B. McMillan's order that would have forced the Charlotte school system (84,000 students, about 30 per cent black) to bus a large number of pupils to achieve racial balance. HEW then proposed a new plan that would leave two all-black schools in the center of the city, create several half-black, half-white schools, and leave twenty-four all-white schools in outlying areas. The plan imitates the pattern of de facto segregation common in Northern cities. Both the white school board and Negro parents rejected it. The case will go to the Supreme Court later this summer and is regarded by the administration and civil rights lawyers as the chief test of the quality of desegregation required of Southern cities.

The President's request for $1.5-billion to aid school districts in the process of desegregation has also come under sharp attack—from both Senate liberals and House conservatives. The bulk of the money is earmarked for fiscal 1971-72, but the administration wants an immediate $150-million to aid districts over the summer. The Senate okayed the $150-million emergency fund, after adding provisions to monitor its use in order to prevent veiled forms of segregation. Now the bill faces the House, where it has been criticized because distribution provisions strongly favor Southern districts and because it allows funds to be used for busing.

The Administration may have trouble putting real integration into practice even after schools have agreed to plans on paper. Last month Senate hearings, held by the special committee on Equal Educational Opportunity headed by Walter F. Mondale (Dem., Minnesota), revealed that many Southern districts have devised new, more subtle techniques of discrimination. In many schools, Senator Mondale charged, "the only thing desegregated is the front door." He cited a school in Kemper County, Mississippi, where blacks go to different classes, have only black teachers, "and even have a segregated school bell."



Officials of the National Educational Association testified before the committee that 5,000 black principals and teachers in Southern schools have been either dismissed or demoted because of desegregation, and often replaced by less qualified whites.

Civil rights lawyers reported that books, microscopes, desks, and even whole school buildings were disappearing from Southern schools only to reappear in new, all-white segregation academies. They told of a North Carolina district that turned over public school buildings to new private schools for $1 a year.

Julian Bond, the young black Georgia legislator, called the administration's prediction of massive desegregation "nothing more than a fraud perpetuated under a guise of paper compliance." He termed the $1.5-million fund a "political pork barrel"—a payoff for the "Southern strategy."

Concern was also expressed by Mrs. Ruby Martin, director of the Office for Civil Rights under the Johnson administration. Returning from a tour of the South, Mrs. Martin brought a dozen black teen-agers to Washington from six Southern states. The students told federal officials that Southern schools had refused to admit Negro members to all-white student councils, that "Dixie" was played at football games, that Afro haircuts and dress were banned, and that black students were excluded from numerous student activities. The students spoke of a new militancy, a new breed of black student, who would refuse to enter white schools and win acceptance under "white rules." Said Mrs. Martin, "It is clear to me that we can expect problems this fall in integrated schools unlike any we have ever experienced."

New Role for Community Colleges

A STRONG PLEA for making the nation's two-year community colleges the cornerstone of the higher education structure in the United States came last month from the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education in its third re-

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port, *The Open Door Colleges: Policies for the Community Colleges* (McGraw-Hill, $1). Basic recommendation was for the establishment of a minimum of 230 new community colleges by 1980 so that one will exist within commuting distance of every potential student.

Despite the two-year college's checkered history, its low prestige as merely an upward extension of the high school, its modest academic record, and the recurring delusion that conversion to a four-year institution would confer automatic status, the commission visualizes a unique contribution that the community college can make to higher education. It should develop, the commission asserts, into an independent, comprehensive institution that serves a diversity of student needs through a wide range of academic transfer programs, occupational training, remedial work, and continuing adult education. It should, in short, become a strong, flexible institution serving the varied needs of a learning society.

The best community colleges have already proved their ability to provide diverse options for a varied clientele: students who have not yet decided on a career and are reluctant to subject themselves to four years of study that may not prove relevant; students who have dropped out of four-year colleges and, after a period, want to return to the classroom; working adults seeking to upgrade occupational skills; and those for whom the acquisition of new knowledge is a favorite avocation. All of these are poorly served by most institutions of higher learning.

Among the commission's other recommendations:

- In each state, community colleges should guarantee admission to all high school graduates and others "capable of benefiting from higher education." Tuition should be low or nonexistent. Because they can eliminate discrimination in educational opportunity because of age, location, and economic status, these colleges are crucial to achievement of the goal of universal access to higher education proposed in the commission's first two reports: *Quality and Equality*, published in December 1968, and *A Chance to Learn*, March 1970.

- To improve the effectiveness of the comprehensive community college, state policies should facilitate transfers for students wanting to continue study at four-year institutions, provide more guidance counselors to aid students in making occupational choices, and offer remedial education tailored to the individual's ability and past training.

The commission also emphasized the importance of local autonomy in governance and stated that community financial contributions to the college were essential if local policymaking responsibility was to be meaningful. States should assume one-half to two-thirds of the total cost. The federal government should provide start-up grants for new campuses, funds for statewide planning, and educational allowances for low-income students.

The prestigious commission's recommendations take on added significance in the light of the administration's avowed interest in community colleges as a means for achieving equal opportunity in higher education.

Aftermath of Kent State

IN THE WAKE of the anxiety and turmoil over Kent State, there have been numerous investigations, follow-up reports, and the appointment of a Presidential panel to assess the tragedy and

(*Continued on page* 61)

OE: Bureaucracy in Trouble

IN JUNE 1970 the U.S. Office of Education appeared to reach its lowest levels of morale, vitality, and effectiveness since Commissioners Francis Keppel and Harold Howe 2d mobilized it in the mid-1960s.

During the month, Dr. James E. Allen, Jr.—who earlier had broken openly with the Nixon administration over the Cambodian affair, and before that, more subtly, over school desegregation—was dismissed as commissioner of education. Three top bureau chiefs also left their posts, two of them resigning in frustration.

That left five of the office's top seven administrative posts vacant or filled by temporary appointees and its operations all but paralyzed.

Dr. Allen's ouster was ascribed not only to his open opposition to some administration policies, but also to what some critics within the administration charged was an inability to manage effectively the huge education bureaucracy in its efforts to administer billions in aid to education and to stimulate educational research.

But some of those in the Office of Education who sympathized with Dr. Allen said that one major reason for the administrative "shambles" was the commissioner's inability to get administration approval for his appointees. Vacant jobs lead inevitably to jam-ups and sluggish performance. One key example was the number two spot in the office, that of deputy commissioner, which has been vacant since last February. Dr. Allen, with all his other troubles, had been attempting to fulfill the duties of that post, as well as his own.

B. Alden Lillywhite, associate commissioner for elementary and secondary education, retired on June 26, leaving that major post vacant. Grant Venn, associate commissioner for adult, vocational, and technical education, and James J. Gallagher, deputy assistant commissioner for planning, research, and evaluation, quit on June 30 and 13, respectively —both in frustration.

Mr. Venn said he felt he no longer had any "input" into decisions. "You don't expect to win always," he said, "but you do expect to be in the game."

Dr. Gallagher, in a thirteen-page memo sent to Dr. Allen before the latter was fired, charged that the Office of Education was getting only "perfunctory recognition" when it came to making national education policy; that the administration had an "uncertain commitment" to educational research and development; that "fiscal considerations and budget technicians often determine major educational policy decisions, no matter the rhetoric of the visible spokesmen for the administration."

Further, the memorandum went on, "The credibility of the federal government is under serious and justified attack because of its failure to follow through on programs once they have begun."

Unnumbered employees in the lower echelons of the Office of Education have also joined the exodus. Many of them felt that their achievements in forging the education programs of the 1960s were being vitiated in the 1970s.

"We came in here thinking this was going to be the most exciting office in town," said one such employee, who is still on the job. "And it was. But those days are over. This place is on its rear end."

—WILLIAM K. STEVENS.

William K. Stevens is an education reporter for "The New York Times."

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Moral Fiber and All That

APPROACHES TO EDUCATION FOR CHARACTER (Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion), edited by Clarence H. Faust and Jessica Feingold

(Columbia University Press, 395 pp., $10)

Reviewed by David S. Seeley

A generation ago stuffy guardians of the Establishment used to warn about one or another influence "undermining the moral fiber of our youth." Little has been heard on the subject since. Is it that no one wants to seem so stuffy? Or is it perhaps that the fateful thing has happened—our moral fiber has indeed been undermined, and no one even knows what it is we have lost?

Whatever the sophisticated reasons, education circles have paid little attention in recent years to what is assuredly an extremely important aspect of education: How can young people be brought up not only to know what they need to know but to have the strength of character, integrity, or whatever one wants to call it, that will enable them to function responsibly as adults? It was admirable, therefore, that in 1966 the Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion brought together sages from a number of different walks of life to address themselves to the problem. The proceedings of the conference now have been published under the title *Approaches to Education for Character: Strategies for Change in Higher Education.* Rather than shedding much light on the subject, however, the book as a whole is more important as a symptom of the problem. Few of the contributors have much coherent to say about the issue of character education and what might be done about it.

Allusion is made to the seriousness of the issue, starting with the ominous statement on the dust jacket that "without men and women of character world peace is impossible, civilization vanishes," and ending with Clarence Faust's in his summary lecture rather casually (it seems to me) pointing out that "the main root of our problem is the weakness of our culture." Just as you cannot have civilization without character, perhaps you cannot have character without civilization, and perhaps we're losing both.

Daniel Lerner adds another facet to our anxiety by his thesis that the crisis is not just in the advanced countries, but in the less-developed lands as well, where he argues that "the gap between education and responsible behavior is wide and widening," and where, disconcertingly, "education (along with the mass media) is a major producer of *irresponsible* behavior," because it is raising expectations faster than opportunities.

Some reference is also made to some of the causes of the crisis that now besets us—most of them not very original. Overall, one has the impression that the problem is not really being grappled with. While some of the changes in man's world over the past hundred years are alluded to, little attention is given to what changes in character, if any, are demanded by them. A striking exception is the brilliant, if obscure, article by Harold Lasswell on "Civil Education in the Technoscientific Age." Lasswell argues that we must develop what I will call for shorthand a "nontribal character"—revolutionary change for the human animal: "The challenge is whether we can reverse the traditional role of deliberate civic education, which has been conformist, and transform it into an instrument of fundamental change, hence preparing characters in advance that demand and in turn meet the demands of a world constitution that brings greater security from war, and does so without unacceptable consequences." (Shades of "Dare the schools build a new social order?")

Lasswell also argues interestingly that the diminution of the need for the old-fashioned virtues of work make the job of civic education all the more difficult and important because of the loss of the self-respect derived from one's productive relationship to society: "The inference is that complex industrial societies are undermining themselves by molding characters whose inner conflicts are destructively expressed."

Except largely for Lasswell's piece, the book is weak not only on the implications of various changes in the world but on one of the most important issues that has plagued moral educators through the ages: the relation between intellectual and moral training—between knowing and doing good.

One of the problems, of course, is that the focus of the book is *higher* education, and as some of the articles point out, most educators in the past have assumed that the more basic traits of character are formed during earlier stages of a student's education. Even assuming this, however, one could have hoped for a more helpful treatment of the problems. The articles that measure up as the most coherent discussions of the overall topic for the general reader are Havighurst's essay, Clarence Faust's final lecture, and Stephen Bailey's effort on "Character Education for the Public Service." The last, even though focusing on the training of leaders, has a good deal of general applicability, assuming that in our society all citizens must have some of the capacities for judgment, discipline, and moderation which Bailey discusses.

Morality and character are still unfashionable. Someday we may begin to wake up to the fact that human behavior may have something to do with the "quality of life," which has become more fashionable—or even to survival, which one would hope would always be fashionable. Morality may one day even become as popular as today's fad, ecology, when once we realize that man himself is the worst pollutant in the environment. Then we may realize that installing antipolluting mechanisms in people is perhaps more important even than installing them in furnaces. When that day comes, this book, if it indeed collects some of the best thinking of our time, is an indication of how much work will lie before us in reconstructing an approach to character education. Not only is there a great paucity of ideas, even the structure and language to deal with the issue of character and what kind of education is needed to produce it seem to be lacking. Without some clear thinking and vigorous intellectual leadership in this area, there is every prospect that legitimate concerns over man's behavior will find their sole expression in demands for "law and order." Repression rather than responsibility will become the keynote of man's existence, and we will pay a heavy price for not having tried harder to find an intellectually valid way to talk about "moral fiber."

David S. Seeley is director of the Public Education Association in New York.

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New Books

High School 1980: The Shape of the Future in American Secondary Education, *edited by Alvin C. Eurich (Pitman, 304 pp., $8.50),* complements Dr. Eurich's earlier *Campus 1980.* It addresses itself to the condition and challenges of change, future curriculum, and special problems, as conceived by such observers as Edgar Friedenberg, Frank G. Jennings, Kenneth B. Clark, J. Lloyd Trump, and Harold Howe, II. Most of the essays come tightly reasoned and sharply provocative. A good book for priming discussion.

The Classrooms of Miss Ellen Frankfort: Confessions of a Private School Teacher, *by Ellen Frankfort (Prentice-Hall, 215 pp., $5.95),* is a fresh, freely moving account of the author's early teaching experiences. Using narrative, dialectical, and epistolary techniques with good effect, Miss Frankfort reveals her feelings about life-style in an all-girl Hasidic high school, a girls school for the well to do, and a coeducational school catering to neo-progressives. Albeit bluntly caricatured, the cast will appear as convincing acquaintances to readers familiar with New York private schools. A few may consider the book as a *roman à clef* too thinly disguised. Just the same, the work succeeds well beyond most light reading of its genre in showing the symbiotic relationship of a school with its constituency. A very tidy job.

The Management of Education: A Systematic Design for Educational Revolution, *by Shelley Umans (Doubleday, 226 pp., $5.95),* offers a means of moving from present educational obsolescence to future educational sufficiency through planned change. An exercise in eclecticism, Mrs. Umans's book reviews Dalton E. McFarland's management principles, José Glasserman's resource allocation models, as well as teaching systems devised by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Performance Systems, Inc., IBM, and RCA. First-rate bibliography.

Students and Decision Making, *by Robert S. Morison (Public Affairs Press, 136 pp., $2),* grew out of Cornell University's decision to study the reasons behind dissatisfaction with its student government as practiced in 1967. Basing his report on the premise that universities exist for teaching, research, and public service, Morison discovers the locus of student complaint along the apparently menacing administrative diagram that links Cornell's human components. Although local in origin, this inexpensive paperback is rendered more widely useful by its bibliography and by Professor Ian Macneil's independent statement to the general effect that a student's most important decisions should relate to his freedom of scholarship.

The School and the Democratic Environment, *edited for the Danforth Foundation and the Ford Foundation (Columbia University Press, 115 pp., $3.95);* **Issues in American Education,** *edited by Arthur M. Kroll (Oxford University Press, 202 pp., $6),* are timely publications. Their appearance coincided with campus fatalities that have compelled Americans to reappraise the purpose of an education and the justice governing its evolution and fulfillment. The first book deals with relevancy, change, and rebellion. Alan F. Westin's arresting essay "Responding to Rebels with a Cause" tells of disrupted schools and warns of disaster threatening administratively inflexible institutions. The second, more formally constructed volume contains among other selections careful statements by Arno A. Bellack on national educational assessment, Donald E. Super on changes in vocational guidance, and Robert Ulich on persons and organizations. Each work exemplifies the clear thinking and calm judgment that must these days provide the guide to sound educational action.

The Pursuit of Loneliness: American Culture at the Breaking Point, *by Philip Slater (Beacon Press, 154 pp., $7.50),* appears at first glance as the most ingeniously pessimistic book of recent times. It portrays an America caught up in a web of apparently irreconcilable contradictions, such as thirst for community on the one hand and drive toward competition on the other. Unlike many doom-and-gloom interpretations, however, this work preserves a certain utopian integrity. Despite all his undisguised horror at attempts to justify American killing in Vietnam, and his less subjective criticism of the gamut of American social ills from maternal "sexlessness" to "servility toward technology," Slater sees a solution. It lies in rejecting unbridled individualism as an instinctive national trait. Historically, this will take some doing. But the author's stark revelation of the alternatives proves highly persuasive. Very powerful stuff.

Summerhill: For and Against, *introduced by the publisher (Hart Publishing Company, Inc., 271 pp., $1.95),* pulls together fifteen stimulating reactions to A. S. Neill's now classic work on educational permissiveness. At one extreme looms Max Rafferty's dismissal of Neill's school as "a dirty joke." At the other stands John M. Culkin's appraisal of *Summerhill* as "a holy book." In between appears every shading of opinion. Statements by Fred M. Hechinger, John Holt, Bruno Bettelheim, Goodwin Watson, Sylvia Ashton-Warner, Erich Fromm, and others make up a most appropriate primer for students of latter-day progressivism.

Academic Degree Structures: Innovative Approaches, *by Stephen H. Spurr (McGraw-Hill, 213 pp., $5.95),* was prepared for the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education and furnishes one of the best analyses of recent years. Dean Spurr not only investigates current U.S. patterns in the context of Western tradition but makes specific recommendations regarding degrees and the frame within which they relate, one with the other. His suggestions include earlier admission to U.S. universities, an associate's degree for community colleges, a three-year baccalaureate and two-year master's program, and a four-year norm for completing the Ph.D. An overall proposal calls for "keeping our degree structures few and broadly defined." An excellent reference list and index add to this book's usefulness.

The Child's Conception of Movement and Speed, *by Jean Piaget, translated by G. E. T. Holloway and M. J. Mackenzie (Basic Books, 306 pp., $7.95),* supplies for readers of English a good text of *Les Notions de Mouvement et de Vitesse chez l'Enfant,* which first appeared in 1946. Basing his conclusions on simple but important manipulative experimentation with young children, Piaget attacks gestaltists who argue "the permanence of the laws of organization" rather than "accommodation to external objects" as a "constructive force" in intellectual growth. Unlike Piagetian popularizations, this original tests its readers' ability to follow through. Serious students of early childhood education will find it a welcome addition to the steadily growing Piaget literature. —JOHN CALAM.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Di (*Aeneid*), 2Gh, 3Fg (*Wild Duck*), 4Ib, 5Bf, 6Hc (*Anna Karenina*), 7Cj (*Death of a Salesman*), 8Ja (*Old Wives' Tale*), 9Ae (*Swann's Way*), 10 Ed (*You Can't Take It with You*).

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No Game for Radicals

Continued from page 51

Rudd Crawford. "It starts by looking at things outside you and draws on exercises in perception. We've been working with the Pennsylvania College of Optometry. One of their men examined PAS kids last year and discovered factors like bad eyesight or misperception —these can be corrected with exercises. They can even learn to read faster. In all the PD classes we start out with basic perceptual materials—to wake the kids' eyes up." To most observers PD "lab" resembles fun and games far more than anything conventionally known as math. One of the most popular exercises, for example, is the "Tangrams" unit, subtitled "Experiential Geometry," developed by math wizard Michael Schiro, who created a math laboratory in the North Carolina days and imported it to Philadelphia before leaving to do graduate work at Harvard. The tangram is an ancient Chinese puzzle involving seven basic geometric shapes, but Schiro found that it could also be used to develop an understanding of area, fractions, sets, and other aspects of mathematical theory. After introducing tangrams and several other puzzle-like geometry units, however, PD teachers are free to develop their own approaches and units. During the present year Crawford has perfected a unit that teaches the basics of fractions with "fraction wheels" on plastic cards, emphasizing a visual rather than purely mathematical orientation. Another teacher built a huge ramp and, during subsequent weeks, wrote up roughly a hundred pages of mathematical and geometrical problems that required students to conduct experiments with it—for example, timing the descent of a ball when the ramp was set at different angles.

The other main component of the conventional junior high school curriculum—science, which the Advancement School calls Life Science—occurs mainly in a large, well-equipped lab whose biggest attraction for students has been a collection of animals that amounts to a miniature zoo. In addition to the usual gerbils and hamsters, there are guinea pigs, mice, fish, snakes, rare chameleons, and iguanas—all of which PAS kids can feed, care for, and even take home. One of the most interesting experiments now under way in the Life Science department is the "Achievement Motivation Science Project," based on the achievement studies of David McClelland and James McIntyre, in which kids estimate their ability to solve various lab problems and win or lose play money when the estimate is tallied with the results. Kids can use their winnings to buy anything from free time to an animal of their own.

While the conventional junior high school curriculum—English, math, social studies, and science—is vaguely discernible within the freewheeling structure of the Advancement School, the PAS curriculum is not just the traditional curriculum warmed over. There really is no curriculum at the Advancement School in the usual sense, for the school's structure is in a state of constant evolution. Often this seems to be prodded by a subtle kind of "star system," a competition for newness that doesn't leave much room for inertia or self-congratulation. As with the Achievement Motivation Science Project, many of the innovations one sees at the Advancement School are imitations, or slightly altered versions, of work already in progress elsewhere. Educators talk about innovation as if it were something one could mass-produce if one only knew how, but the teachers at the Advancement School, probably the best-informed faculty of any school in the country, bear witness to the difficulty of discovering the truly new. In many ways the school is more a showcase than a laboratory.

One is most aware of the star system when one visits the school and inquires about the latest interesting projects—a periodic visitor quickly discovers that various projects go in and out of fashion. For a year or so the Improvisational Drama class led the field. A combination of hip gym and group therapy, this class provides students with a series of stimulating verbal and physical exercises that often elicit profound insights into the behavior of the group or of various individuals within it. "ID" is still an important element in the overall program, but some of the glamour has worn off, partly because the teacher who developed it has left to work at Harvard.

Even the structure of the school has changed within the last several years. The interdisciplinary teams have been replaced by "family groups," basic units of thirty or so students and four teachers that meet several times a day. More like a club than any kind of class, these groups plan outings, publish family group newsletters, play games, hold gripe sessions, and generally work toward the main goal of close, supportive group interaction. But one group of teachers decided in the fall of 1969 to set up their own structure; instead of having a family group, whose students rotate during the day among the various projects, they chose to become a self-contained team modeled on the Leicestershire approach.

The overall impression of the Advancement School, then, is of tremendous variety, creativity, and energy. The atmosphere is almost too self-consciously hip—lots of long hair and scarcely a tie in sight, the "humanized" style of liberal institutions everywhere. But the school is so appealing in so many ways, to adults as well as kids, that its friends often seem to believe that it is the only sign of real life in Philadelphia. Indeed, for many it has become a refuge.

Not everyone is friendly, however. Some visitors high on the system's ladder have objected to blunt language in the slide-tapes prepared by the school's media staff to illustrate various pro-

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grams. These people are offended by the relaxed tone of the place, but far more serious questions arise, among school staff and visitors alike, about the relative lack of emphasis on training in basic skills. Tangrams may be fun, the skeptics say—they may even instill a profound knowledge of mathematical theory—but Advancement School kids desperately lack certain essentials of survival. As one recent visitor put it rather innocently, "Does the school prepare them for real life?"

The debate has been growing ever since the school opened in Philadelphia, and gradually the staff has had to take a hard look at the necessities. The result is that many teachers are now offering such conventional items as grammar and arithmetic. "The kids have asked for it," says one math teacher who gives his classes two days of straight arithmetic a week. "They don't respond to it very well when they get it, but they've asked for it. They're afraid that they're not getting what they're going to need—something inside tells them this isn't math." And although the labels "Human Development" and "Perception Development" represent a marked departure from "Social Studies" and "Math," several members of the staff have argued for a return to the more familiar terms.

In short, the Advancement School has become increasingly conservative—one might say merely sensible—during its years in Philadelphia. A number of the more self-consciously radical staff members either have left or are planning to leave. Others have compromised in the belief that the right compromises can still create change. The question of compromises might never have arisen if the school had been able to exist in utopian isolation, but the goal from the beginning has been to influence the system as a whole. The latest movement within the school—the most dramatic example of growth, far greater than any individual curriculum project—has been directed toward coming to grips with the schools themselves. Most of the emphasis in the 1969-70 school year, in fact, has been on this aspect of the program—referred to by PAS administrators as "external staff development."

Even during the first summer in Philadelphia, the Advancement School was host to a group of sixty teachers who participated in a workshop designed to test the program with outsiders and to begin the staff development and dissemination of ideas. In addition, the school had invited a small number of "resident" teachers to represent various city junior high schools during the spring term. Most visitors are dazzled by the newness—the uptight enemies are actually a minority—but the first summer failed to produce any significant long-term results; the sixty teachers had come from a wide scattering of the city's schools, and most of them lost contact with PAS when they returned. During the following summer, PAS intensified its approach by inviting groups of teachers, administrators, and community representatives from seven junior high schools, later designated "cooperating schools," and putting them through a six-week program that was meant to lay the foundations for extensive change in their schools later that fall. Now each of the cooperating schools has one or more PAS representatives in full-time attendance.

The summer 1969 workshop was conceived as a means of including rapid change in the attitudes and skills of the cooperating teams. In addition to experiencing at first hand various PAS curriculum projects, the teams talked extensively about the problems in their schools and drew up plans for change. The Advancement School staff also conducted workshops in group dynamics and organized an outing at a country retreat that highlighted the rigorous Outward Bound program. "I happen to be a traditional type of teacher, and I certainly needed some new input," commented one participant. "I found the workshop terrific."

One of the cooperating schools has set up a minischool consisting of the entire sixth grade and housed in a converted synagogue that the board of education purchased to relieve overcrowding. Another cooperating team has worked slowly toward a schoolwide discussion of educational problems. Of the original seven cooperating schools, two have been dropped—mainly because of internal conflicts that precluded the intensive and careful work needed to sustain a cooperating team. For the PAS representatives, working with a cooperating team has been an exceedingly delicate exercise in diplomacy; the school's official policy is to avoid pushing too hard and to function more as a resource and guide than as a leader.

The functioning of these semimissionary projects requires so much sensitivity and flexibility, in fact, that the Advancement School finds itself involved in a strange paradox. The general goal of the team workers is to encourage constructive change within the cooperating schools, but this does not necessarily depend on any of the curriculum packages produced within the Advancement School. One of the cooperating schools, for example, has decided that its principal objective should be to strengthen its ties with the community it serves. There is no necessary connection, in short, between the work in progress at what is now being called the "model school" and the schools the staff is trying to change, other than the general enthusiasm for change that the PAS representatives presumably take with them wherever they go.

Thus, the Advancement School seems to have adapted itself to one of the perennial maxims of change in large urban school systems: If reformers really want to work within the system, they have to work slowly and modestly; this is no game for radicals. The danger, of course, is that a real desire for change will eventually succumb to all the good will and gentleness, that the whole enterprise will rigidify amid a great deal of talk about "dialogue," and that the Advancement School will become the reform establishment that it seems well on the way to becoming. Until recently—ever since the resignation of Peter Buttenweiser in the summer of 1969—the school was without a permanent director. It's possible that the new director, Harvard doctoral candidate Thomas K. Minter, will initiate new directions. Nevertheless, an acting governing board, claiming the support of a majority of the staff, has pointed the way for the coming school year. And one cannot help wondering if the school's real goal, like the goal of the bureaucracies it was set up to change, is simply to ensure its own survival.

"It's not a revolutionary thing in the sense of a school that's so very different that it's a real alternative to the regular schools," says one key staff member. "We've committed ourselves to working within the system. Those of us that are going to continue to work at the Advancement School will have to realize that we're there to work with the schools and not to tell them this is the way it is. If they're going to change from within, that's the way we'll have to operate. When I came here I wanted the whole thing to change within two or three years. Now we have a different feeling from what we felt initially—we've learned over the years."

Answer to Wit Twister, page 42: resound, Undoers, sounder.

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Black Arts for Black Youth

Continued from page 46

telling of the slaves as they ambled around the plantations, not out of indolence or shiftlessness or blind motion or servitude, as is generally accepted, but out of defiance of the plantation owners. The happy-go-lucky, churchgoing Negroes were doing more than worshiping at their meetings. They were passing signals to one another about the Underground Railroad and other avenues of escape. This information serves to illuminate for the unknowing black child a sense of pride in his past, a past that was much more active than is generally known or accepted. In her own school and the schools she visits, Miss Primus makes the dance bring forth this information about Negro history.

This ability of the arts to foster the student's sense of personal well-being and to forge links to the past is only a part of what esthetic education is all about. From Plato to John and Evelyn Dewey to the contemporary writings of Herbert Read, the arts are invoked as the best available means of preserving all modes of sensory awareness, of gaining insight into one's strengths and an openness to a changing society. But, most importantly, film-making, drama, dance, poetry, creative writing are their own rewards for the sake of the work accomplished and for the joy of creating, not for an arbitrary system of rewards determined and imposed by an authoritarian system. The arts are learning experiences that are not simply preparing the student for life, but are life and totally involving.

Because the arts programs in the storefronts and street academies of the ghetto are conducted in an informal, noninstitutional setting, involving peer-group direction and uncredentialed teachers, they hardly will be seen by educational administrators as models for public school adoption. Nevertheless, the character and nature of these programs, reflecting the cultures that are accommodated within their framework, offer a vision of how the participatory and lively arts could be shaped in urban schools. Unfortunately, as John D. Rockefeller 3d expressed it, "Arts education is considered a separate matter, not woven into the fabric of general education . . . the arts are a kind of garnish, easily set aside like parsley." That statement deftly summarizes the conclusion drawn in the National Survey that, except for the occasional school, few urban students can expect to sample *any* relevant ethnic art forms, much less contemplate a sequential development of art courses that would set a role for the arts in their lives, unless they seek the opportunity outside the public schools. It is a sad commentary, but nevertheless a fact of school life.

The first priority is the expansion of the community arts movement to give the community a vision of what might be. As Vantile Whitfield, director of the Performing Arts Society of South Los Angeles (PASLA) in the Watts curfew area, put it at the 1968 conference of the Associated Councils of the Arts:

> We have to actually be bands of guerrillas . . . start a situation where these experimental arts programs can happen in garages . . . in storefront churches, in people's living rooms. . . . We have to investigate the process of creative education that is needed to change the monolith.

Second priority: The minority child's esthetic education should begin at the earliest age possible. If, as they appear to be currently, the secondary schools are given over to the sciences and vocational preparation, the burden of the child's creative and esthetic education must start in the elementary school and even at the preschool level. The medium of expression, even at these primary grade levels, can run the gamut from 8mm films to magnetic tape essays. With the aid of the best adult talent available, with or without credentials, the arts experience could begin where the minority child already is in natural language development, sustain the maturation of his interests and intellectual capacities, and preserve the natural intensity of his sensations through successful and exciting encounters with words, music, and dance.

Model schools built around the arts are difficult to find, but some excellent Head Start centers exist in the community, and the experimental programs of the Sidwell Friends School in Washington, D. C., are recommended for study.

Secondary school education, as designed for future breadwinning, is fine. But vocational and career education should not be the only function of the high school. The student's capacity to enter society as a productive member depends as much on his sense of personal well-being and his ability to communicate as it does on specific career-oriented training. Experience in dance or theater provides poise, body control, effective use of voice and language. Through the arts, the minority student can overcome environmental barriers and achieve a sense of discipline, involvement, and confidence that will be tranferred to his other educational pursuits.

So how can we bring the participatory arts into the high school on a scale equal to the needs of the majority of black and other nonwhite students? Several recommendations relating to the high schools are made as the result of the two-year study. First, educators and educational consultants and advisers should study the art centers and the cues their students from the ghetto give for the redefinition of culture in the high school environment. At least one performing arts academy in each major city should be supported by federal and local tax dollars.

A series of National Science Foundation-type summertime workshops for the redesign of the language arts curriculum should be instituted around a performing arts base. In this effort, high priority should be given to the development of reading and writing skills through film and television productions. In music, de-emphasize the "peripheral activity" of producing music in bands and orchestras; instead, place emphasis on creative composition, with accents on technique and modes of expression that are relevant to the urban cultures. Use the arts as an early recruitment vehicle for young minority teachers. And finally, if vocational training is a must, use the arts as a lead into entrepreneurial interests.

Abe Maslow cites the fact that important changes occur within the individual who identifies himself with meaningful work. He transcends himself without conscious effort and achieves a kind of selflessness which is the ultimate expression of his social and adult self. This identification with important work is a way of overcoming human shortcomings. Through the arts, minority youths can find their work, contribute to their culture and society, and, in the process, find themselves.

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Nuremberg

Continued from page 17

more killing at Mylai than elsewhere but that it was not unique in our search and destroy operations. The circle of responsibility goes beyond Calley and his company. (Not that the criminal responsibility need be larger. A crime must have its direct perpetrators.) The political, moral, and command liability will remain unanswered in the trials of those now charged.

The relevant area of consideration is the new concept of justice that the United States introduced at Nuremberg: crimes against humanity. The sheer weight of death and devastation in Vietnam now transcends all political discussion. One million Vietnamese civilians, according to Senator Edward Kennedy, have become casualties of war since 1965. For those crimes no man—not Calley, not Westmoreland, not Johnson or Nixon—stands alone in the dock, but the whole American nation. The technology that is the American wonder at home is the American horror in Vietnam. The American people have approved of its use in both places.

In 1947 the philosopher Karl Jaspers approached the question of German guilt in a way that is pertinent to the question of American responsibility today. He talked of four areas of guilt: criminal, political, moral, and metaphysical. Under his definition, an orgy of accusation about individuals who were responsible for our war policy will not satisfy justice, though those individuals share a higher political liability than General Yamashita.

Jaspers wrote, "We are responsible for our [the Nazi] regime, for the acts of the regime, for the start of the war in this world-historical situation, and for the leaders we allowed to rise among us."

This is the political responsibility that all Americans share. The metaphysical responsibility comes when injustices are committed in our presence with our knowledge. The acceptance of this responsibility, Jaspers says, can lead to a transformation of human consciousness where pride is broken and arrogance is impossible.

"Because of the great diversity in what we believed all these years," Jaspers said to the defeated German people, "what we took to be true, what to us was the meaning of life, the way of transformation must also be different now for every individual. We are all being transformed. But we do not all follow the same path to the new ground of common truth, which we seek and which reunites us. In such a disaster everyone may let himself be made over for rebirth, without fear of dishonor. What we must painfully renounce is not alike for all—so little alike that one man's renunciation may impress another as a gain. We are divided along different lines of disappointment."

The Vietnam War is transforming Americans also, but it is not clear what we will become as a result. Will we allow this country to revel in more vainglorious causes or seek to reclaim our original ideals? Mylai could lead to a new maturity in our recognition that Americans are humans like everyone else, capable of nobility, but also capable of bestiality, and that when our technology places upon us the highest responsibility in the world we must work toward a climate where the nobler instincts can flourish once again.

"You told me to call you Monday. It's Monday."

Schools Make News

Continued from page 55

subsequent national student strike. Generally, the reports document what was already known or surmised:

• *On Strike... Shut It Down,* a report released last month by the Urban Research Corporation (5464 South Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.), observes that the scope of the strike was unprecedented; protests escalated sharply after Kent State; most were peaceful, often consisting of mourning the dead and developing political activity against the war; large numbers of smaller schools and moderate students, who never before had protested, joined the strike; and the deaths at Jackson State made little or no impression on an essentially white student strike. The report is useful chiefly because it provides a factual compilation of events in the first two weeks in May at 760 campuses across the nation.

• A second study conducted by Knight Newspapers for the Detroit *Free Press* reports that no sniper fired at the Ohio National Guard, that the Guardsmen fired without orders, and that they were not surrounded by demonstrators and could have elected other courses of action than shooting into the crowd. These findings were confirmed in a federal investigation by Assistant Attorney General Jerris Leonard, who stated there was "insufficient evidence" to lend credence to the sniper reports, as charged by the Ohio National Guard.

• Acting on President Nixon's order, eight White House staff members under thirty toured U.S. campuses in May. Reportedly, they were "stunned by the depth of student hostility toward the administration and the rapid erosion of respect for the government." President Nixon subsequently appointed a nine-man commission, headed by former Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton, to help prevent further confrontations on the campus. The commission will examine the "principal causes of campus violence" this spring and the "reasons for the breakdown in the expression of orderly dissent," and will report back to the President in September, presumably in time to allay university tensions in the fall. A *New York Times* editorial immediately dubbed the commission "redundant," "a summer rerun." The *Times* noted that "studies have followed studies.... Existing laws are adequate to deal with youths on and off the campus, who substitute violence for dissent. The need now is to act on what is already known."

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1893

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Region of ancient Greece whose chief city was Athens	3 22 24 34 42 67
B. Slack-off; break; time out	131 144 147 190 7
C. Accepted leader of the French Canadians after the 1837 rebellion	9 16 116 136 145 149 154 161 182 195
D. River bordering Mesopotamia	18 31 40 79 92 130 137 148 153
E. Story	35 73 111 167 197 27 41 118 125
F. Regard for propriety in dress, speech, or conduct; freedom from vanity	159 164 14 28 47 50 74
G. Member of an Indonesian people of Hungtow Island, off Taiwan	77 91 120 128
H. The tee aimed at in curling	170 183 186 32 46 168
I. Make greater or louder	25 53 96 132 140 171 188
J. Deteriorating; corrupting	191 8 33 39 48 55 82
K. Burrowing, herbivorous marsupial of Australia	51 71 165 180 193 43
L. One of a group of English and American poets of the 1910s, typified by Ezra Pound	54 177 10 102 107 126 141
M. Roman emperor, 79-81, son of Vespasian	142 155 163 38 59
N. English statesman (1827-1904), supporter of Gladstone; home secretary, 1880-85)	84 151 173 184 12 44 196 57

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. "———found, when she was dead,/Her last disorder mortal." (2 wds.; Goldsmith, "Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize")	65 150 160 29 103 108 124 166 11
P. One of two Athenian youths who assassinated Hipparchus, tyrant of Athens, and were killed	175 20 26 194 158 95 100 104 113
Q. Leader and bishop of the American Moravian Church (1721-1802)	119 174 78 66 85 87 101
R. A festive incentive for bussing	17 62 89 98 139 5 69 179 58
S. The other of the youths referred to in WORD P	75 19 114 178 83 146 36 121 90 169 64
T. A tube or vessel used in chemical laboratory experimentation	157 97 4 94 109 152 176
U. Pestering; persecuting	2 37 110 122 61 80 129 135
V. Pro; favoring; backing (3 wds.)	1 76 23 56 106 30 52 45 70 172 127
W. "Leave the———in the wilderness" (3 wds., Luke 15:4)	49 13 68 112 88 133 6 81 156 86 21 115 185
X. Explanation, enlightenment	181 143 123 15 60 63 138 93 117 189 162
Y. Antonio———: Baritone who created the role of Scarpia in "La Tosca" (1866-1936)	72 192 187 99 105 134

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

						1 V		2 U	3 A	4 T	5 R		6 W		7 B	8 J			
9 C	10 L	11 O	12 N	13 W	14 F		15 X	16 C	17 R	18 D	19 S	20 P		21 W	22 A				
23 V	24 A	25 I	26 P	27 E	28 F	29 O		30 V	31 D	32 H	33 J	34 A	35 E	36 S		37 U			
38 M	39 J		40 D	41 E	42 A	43 K	44 N	45 V	46 H	47 F		48 J	49 W		50 F	51 K			
52 V		53 I	54 L	55 J	56 V	57 N	58 R	59 M		60 X		61 U	62 R	63 X	64 S	65 O			
	66 Q	67 A	68 W	69 R		70 V	71 K		72 Y	73 E	74 F		75 S	76 V	77 G	78 Q			
79 D	80 U	81 W	82 J		83 S	84 N	85 Q	86 W		87 Q	88 W		89 R	90 S	91 G	92 D			
93 X	94 T	95 P		96 I	97 T	98 R	99 Y	100 P	101 Q	102 L		103 O	104 P	105 Y		106 V			
107 L	108 O	109 T	110 U	111 E	112 W	113 P		114 S	115 W		116 C	117 X	118 E	119 Q		120 G			
121 S	122 U	123 X	124 O	125 E	126 L		127 V	128 G	129 U	130 D	131 B	132 I	133 W		134 Y				
135 U	136 C	137 D		138 X		139 R	140 I	141 L	142 M	143 X	144 B		145 C	146 S	147 B	148 D			
	149 C	150 O	151 N	152 T		153 D	154 C	155 M	156 W		157 T	158 P	159 F	160 O		161 C			
162 X		163 M	164 F	165 K	166 O	167 E	168 H	169 S	170 H		171 I	172 V	173 N		174 Q	175 P			
176 T	177 L		178 S	179 R		180 K	181 X		182 C	183 H	184 N	185 W		186 H	187 Y				
188 I	189 X	190 B	191 J		192 Y	193 K	194 P	195 C	196 N	197 E									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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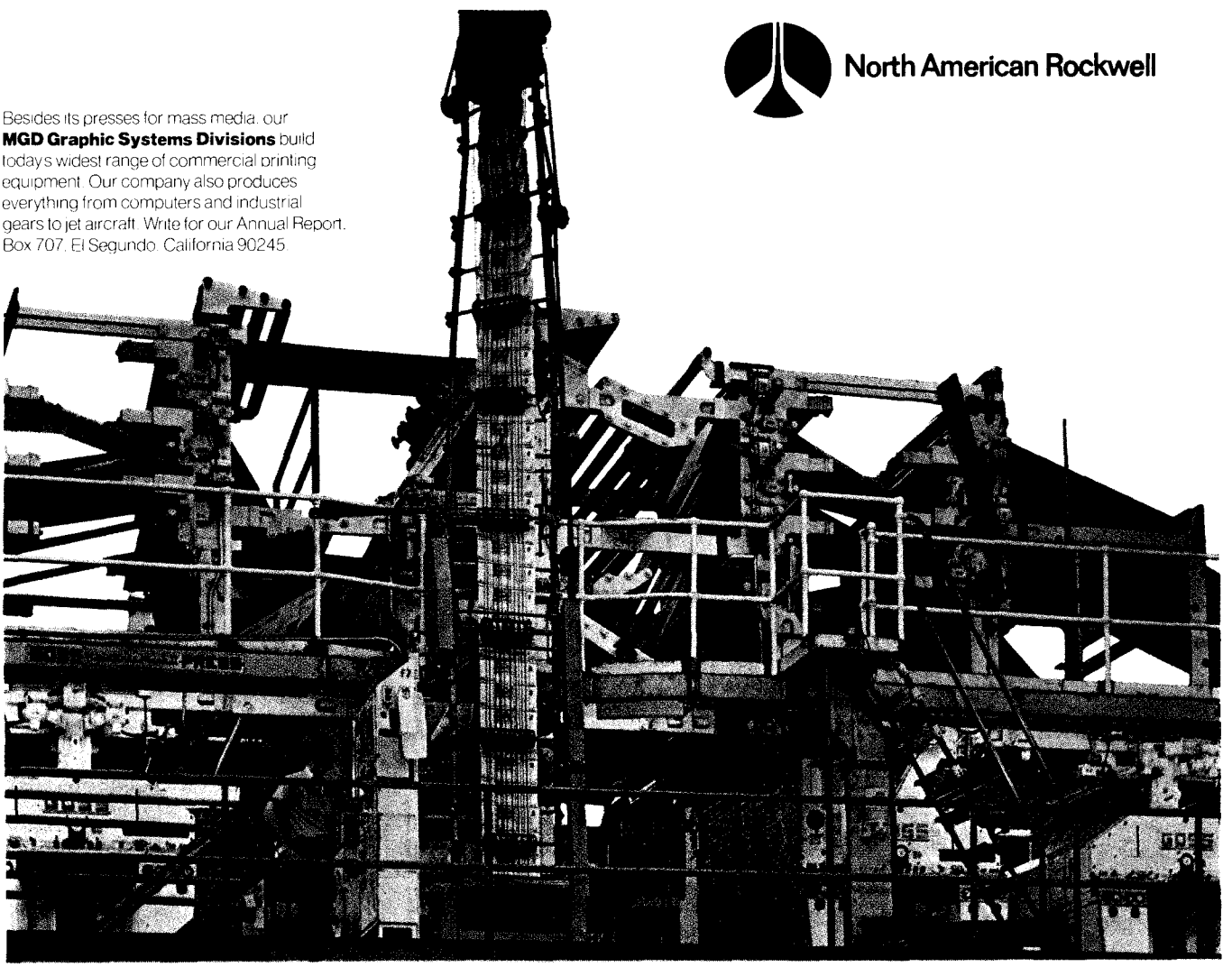

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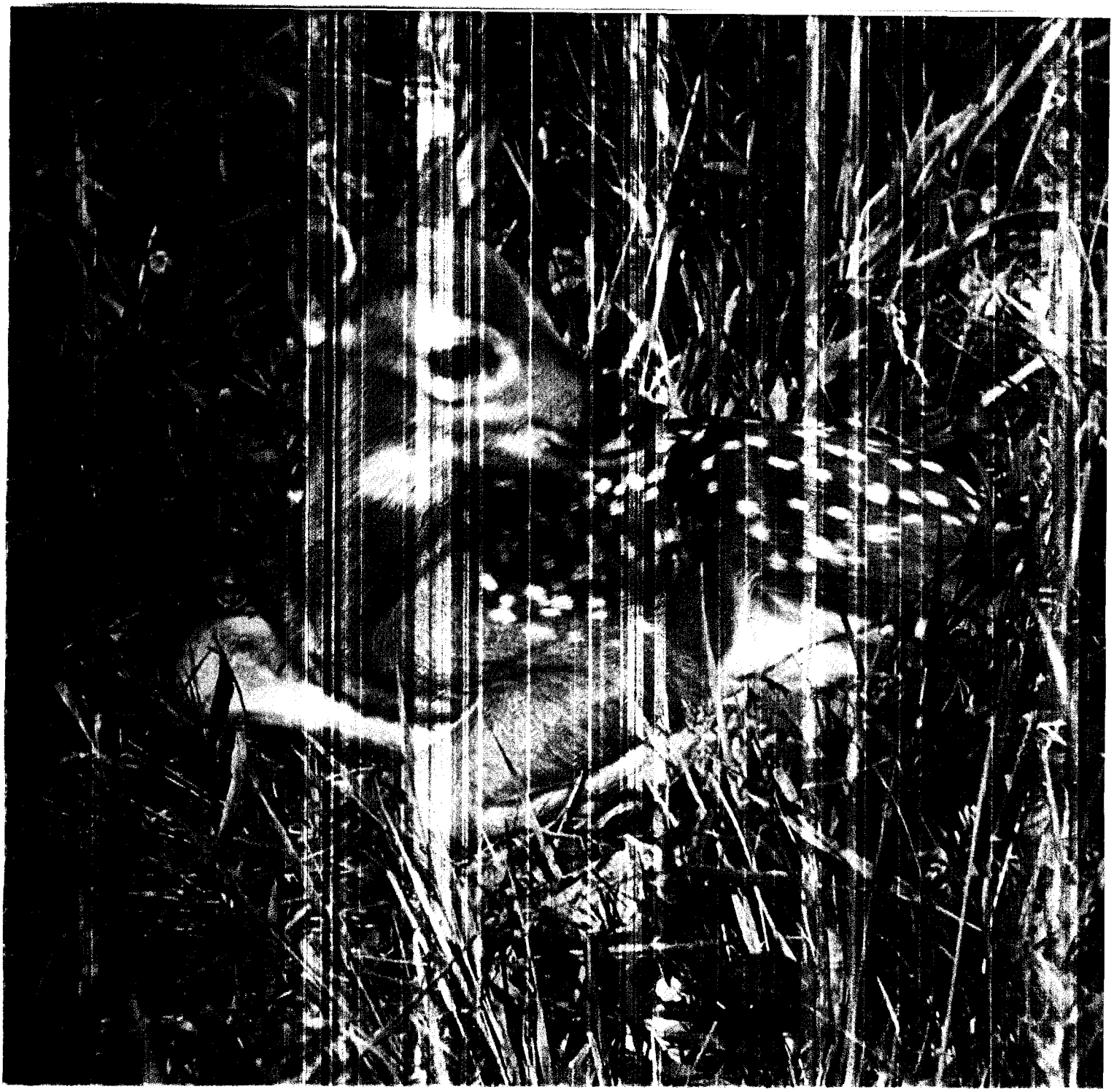

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SHELL

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